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THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

BY R. L. CARY, JR.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
'Tis the deep, low tread of the years;
Ah, who may tell of the load they bear,
Whether of sorrow, grief or care,
Whether of joys or tears,
Or whether life's clouds will roll away
'Neath the touch of the coming years!

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Down the mystic vale of time;
And shadowy spectres, old and gray,
That stand and walk in the years' swift way,
Step into their place in the line;
And, whether to us joy or tears,
The years give never sign.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
How swiftly they come and go!
We feel but a touch of the summer's breath
Ere its roses wither and fall in death,
And white lies the winter's snow;
Then vainly we sigh o'er Hope's bright dreams
That have gone with the long ago.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Like shadowy forms of the night,
We see them coming—a long dim line—
Controled and moved by the hand of time;
And we tremble and shriek in fright,
For we know not whether they bring life's clouds,
Or whether they bring the light.

For the Father has willed it thus
That mortals never may know,
Whether there lies in the future years,
A grave of hope to be wet with tears,
A palace of joy or woe;
Lest feet should falter and hearts grow faint,
He knew it was better so.

* * *

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

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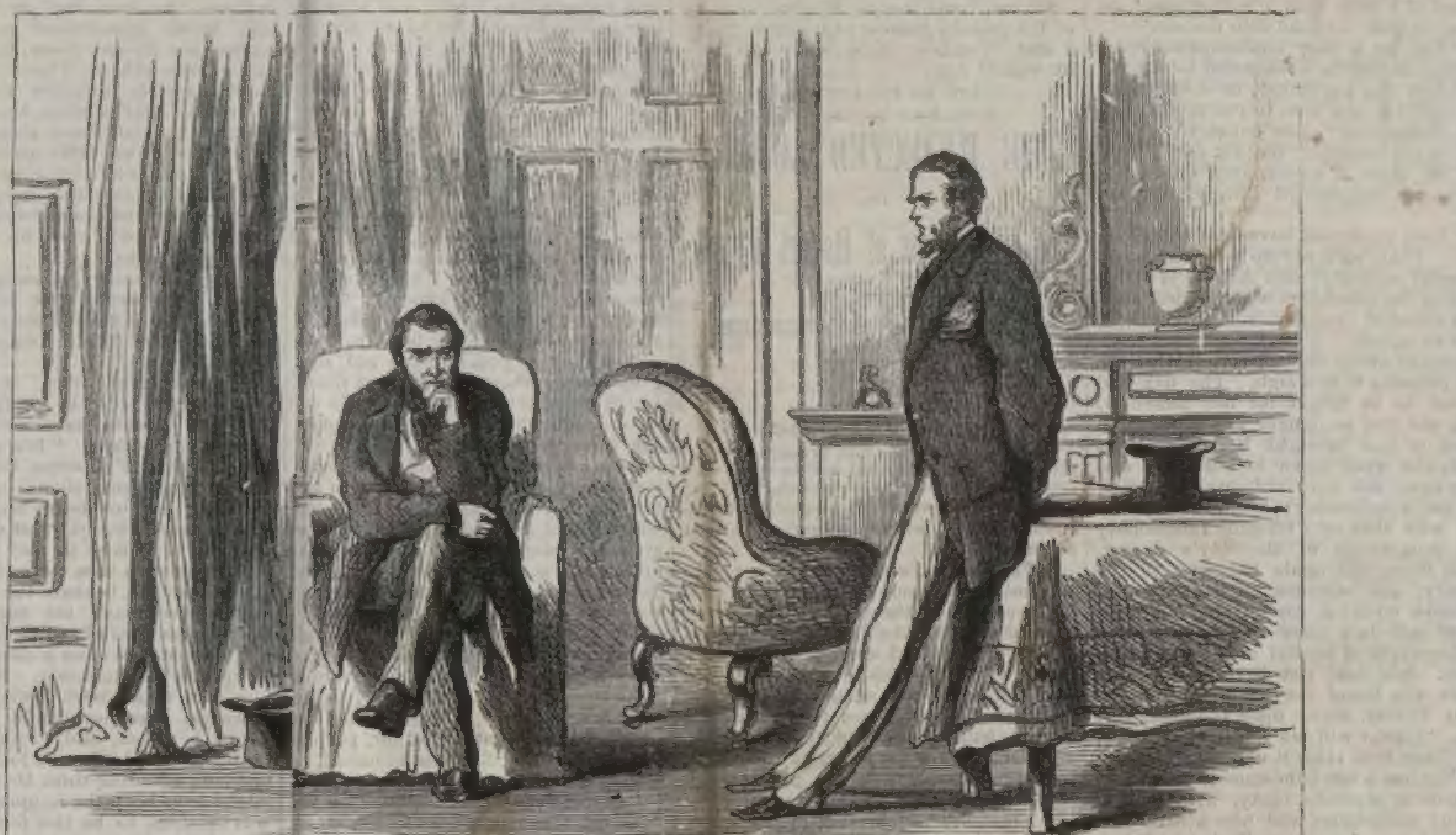


"NOW," SAID ARTHUR WILFORD, PUTTING ON HIS COLDEST GRAVITY EXPRESSION, "TAKE A SEAT, WESTLEY. NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF IT.

A bright spring morning; the bells are jangling vigorously from the old church-tower of Fordham, which has nothing specially remarkable about it, except the pleasant meadows that surround it, the sparkling little river which meanders through them, and the noble well-wooded park close by that surrounds the mansion of the Wilford family. The town is in a state of pleased excitement, for the Squire of Wilfordhurst and his wife are coming home to-day after a long residence abroad, and the chief burgesses of the place have prepared a demonstration to do them honor.

The Squire of Wilfordhurst was a very popular man in all the country round. A zealous sportsman, a kind and generous landlord, a strong Conservative, a supporter of all the institutions of the country—in his more private capacity he was known as a good master and as a generous man to the poor. Then he was lenient as a magistrate, except as to poaching, which he punished with a righteous severity; but he made up for that by his merciful consideration for other minor offences. Thus he was a popular man for all classes of the community, and the desire to celebrate his return in a worthy manner was universal.

The festivities, too, might also be said to celebrate the arrival of a son and heir to the house; for although this event had happened three years ago, yet the health of Mrs. Wilford had been so bad at the time, and so much anxiety was felt for her, that all demonstrations of joy had been at the time repressed. The physicians had ordered Mrs. Wilford to Italy as soon as she could travel, and there she had remained ever since. The coming of the heir had been a really important event at Wilfordhurst, for the Squire had then reached a respectable age—some sixty years—without any lawful progeny; and although his wife was some twenty years younger, yet, as they had been married for many years, the chances of offspring seemed remote. However, at the eleventh hour the event came to pass, and every one was delighted; for failing an heir to the Squire, the ultimate successor to the estate would have been a younger brother, whom universal report concurred in deprecating as quite unfit for the position. A milksop, a man who could not sit a horse decently, who did not know one end of a gun from the other, a bookworm, and a man infected, it was whispered, with dangerous heresies on many points—such a one would be indeed an unworthy successor to the Squire, who, it may be said, hated his younger brother with all the ardor of a near relation.

The residence in Italy had been a sad trial to the Squire, who disliked all things foreign; but now, happily, Mrs. Wilford's health was quite restored, and they were all coming home for good—for good and all.

But to the enormous disappointment of the villagers and tenants, just as the big bonfire had been piled on Spenbury Hill; just as the last squib and cracker in the gunsmith's shop had been bought up by the enthusiastic boyhood of the place; just as the roughest and wildest spirits of the place were priming themselves with drink for the task of replacing the horses in the Squire's carriage, and drawing him home in triumph; just as the shopkeepers were shaking out their bunting, and the carpenter was putting the last touch to the triumphal archway, stretching from the door of the Star Hotel to the barber's shop opposite; the steward rode down from the hall, and announced to the crowd gathered in the market-place:

That he had just received a communication from the Squire, who earnestly begged his friends, in consideration of his wife's delicate nerves and the tender age of his son, as well as in consequence of a family bereavement that made such things out of place—[here the steward raised his voice into a shout that could be heard all over the square]—begged his good friends to make no demonstrations of welcome on this occasion, but to show their affection for the family by remaining quietly at home. By-and-by the Squire hoped to meet all his friends in the grounds of Wilfordhurt, when many a cask of ale should be broached, and much beef and bread and cheese should be provided, so that the leanest and hungriest man in the place should have enough.

This last clause somewhat relieved the general disappointment of the public at the loss of the evening's fun, and a drizzling downfall of rain, which began soon after, convinced all rational people that the fete was luckily postponed. Some little speculation, however, ensued at the various centres of discussion in the town as to the particular family bereavement that had caused, or partially caused, the Squire's manifesto. It could hardly be on the Wilford side, for the Squire's only relations were two younger brothers, the elder of whom, Arthur—the milksop and bookworm before alluded to—was then abroad in Spain, where report said that he had tarnished the family dignity by becoming a wine merchant. The second brother was in a public office in London, living in genteel poverty, and lately married to a poor clergyman's daughter, without a sixpence of her own. These two brothers had been recently heard of as in good health, and the Squire had so little affection for them, that he was hardly likely to have altered any of his arrangements on account of what might have happened to them or their belongings. There had been a sister, indeed, to whom the Squire had been attached, but she had been dead three years or more—had died abroad under a kind of cloud; and no one knew of any other relatives of the Squire. It was finally concluded by the most sagacious of the quidnuncs of Fordham that the bereavement was on madam's side.

At Wilfordhurst itself similar instructions had been received. There was to be no attempt at any demonstration of welcome. The servants might assemble in the hall to greet their master and mistress and young master, but everything was to be kept quiet and tranquil, to spare Mrs. Wilford's nerves.

At about seven o'clock in the evening—it was then raining in a steady downpour—a travelling-carriage drawn by four horses with postillions rumbled along throughly-paved High-street of Fordham, and dashed down the avenue leading to Wilfordhurst. It drew up at the mansion, the windows of which, lighted up from within, cast a cheerful glow into the damp darkness outside. The Squire alighted under the great portico, handed out his wife—his little boy. Another carriage followed, full of luggage, maids and nurses. "But no furreners, thank God!" observed the butler, in fervent gratitude. An invasion of Italian nurses and ladies' maids had been feared by the old-established servants of the hall; but it seemed that the foreigners had been dismissed in their own country, and their places supplied with the genuine British article.

Mrs. Wilford looked pale, as she crossed the hall that night, bowing coldly to the domestics on either side. She made her way directly to her own room and did not appear again that night. The young heir, who seemed somewhat spoilt and disposed to scratch and bite his new attendants, was taken off to the nursery, and the Squire retired to his own little room, where he ordered his dinner to be served, and all the reception-rooms were darkened and closed by his order. Then he sent for the steward, and was closeted with him for some time.

About two hours later another carriage drove up to the now darkened house—a long black-box on four wheels with two men in black sitting on a seat in front—a hearse, in fact. The steward had given his orders; the great doors of the hall were thrown open, and one of the men in black entered, carrying under his arm a little polished oaken coffin. It was placed in the library on a table in the centre of the room, a black and white pall was thrown over it, and then the room was left to darkness. The hearse drove away with its sable attendants, and a kind of hush fell over the house.

The story of the little coffin was soon known and circulated through the house. It contained a child of the race; the child of that daughter of the house who had died under a cloud abroad. The Squire was bringing the poor little fellow home, away from the hired nurses who had hitherto had the charge, to be a companion and playfellow to his own little boy. But on the way he had been seized with some infantile malady, and had died suddenly. Madam had been very much affected; she was overcome by the loss of this infant; she reproached herself continually as the cause of its death, as she had taken it away so suddenly from its accustomed way of life.

Next day it was whispered among the servants that madame had been seen to rise in the middle of the night, to descend to the library, and kneeling by the side of the little coffin, to have given way to a storm of grief; and it was further said that the Squire had come and taken her away and reproached her bitterly for her imprudence. Ah! he was a very careful tender husband, and for the poor thing, delicate as she was, to be wandering about in the cold and giving way like that, and all for a little child that was almost a stranger to her—the Squire might well be angry.

The child was buried in a quiet, unostentatious way in the family vault of the Wilfords in Fordham churchyard. People were a little curious to see the registry of the burial, but the vicar would not show it to any one, and after being a nine days' wonder in the little town the affair was gradually forgotten.

The Squire kept his promise, and gave a grand entertainment to his tenants and the inhabitants of Fordham, in honour of the return of his wife and child. But it was a white, wan face that Mrs. Wilford had to show to her well-wishers, and the smiles that she bestowed on them were cold and forced. The good accounts that had come home from Italy as to her complete restoration to health had, it seemed, been much exaggerated. In fact, before many months had elapsed it was found necessary to send her back to the same climate, but this time without her boy, whom the Squire publicly announced amid great applause was to be brought up at home a thorough Englishman.

Mrs. Wilford only came home to die, and her coffin was placed beside the little oaken one in the family vault at Fordham. After her death the Squire developed his old English qualities, perhaps a little too freely, considering the means he had at his disposal. He had always been fond of racing, and had now and then bred a good steeplechaser and carried off stakes here and there. Now he set up a breeding-stud on a small scale, and began to run his thoroughbreds at provincial meetings. And once he had the good luck with an unknown horse to carry off a great handicap, winning, people said, some ten thousand pounds at a haul. There were great rejoicings at Wilfordhurst after that, you may be sure; and the Squire, fired by ambition, vowed that he would never rest till he had won one of the great races of the year. He died, however, without seeing his wish accomplished, and after a short minority his son Westley reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER II.

AN AMATEUR APPRAISER.

The arrival of a visitor to the Star Hotel at Great Fordham by the omnibus that met the mid-day train, although not an unprecedented event, was still sufficiently unusual to cause a little surprise and speculation among the frequenters of the establishment.

The new-comer was evidently a person of some importance; there was a vigor and decisiveness in his bearing that announced the man accustomed to affairs. A neat little man, with a sallow keen face, long nose, and vigilant gray eyes, black hair, and whiskers sedulously brushed, costume irreproachable from the top of his shiny silk hat to the sole of his varnished boots; but so quiet and decorous that you might have taken him for a clergyman of undecided views, but that his trousers were perhaps a little too tight over knees and too well shaped over the boot to be compatible with the character of a divine.

"I want a sitting-room, landlord," said the new guest to the tall comfortable-looking host, who had come out to greet him; "a sitting-room and a good fire; dinner at five o'clock, and a fly to Wilfordhurst."

Brown rubbed his head in a somewhat perplexed manner. His head was not adapted to the reception of many ideas at once, and he had retained in it only the last of his customer's requirements.

"A fly to Wilfordhurst, sir! Very sorry, but all my horses are out 'cept the one in the 'bus, and he is going back to meet the next train. But, bless you, sir, it ain't half a mile to Wilfordhurst, not across the footway through the park, it isn't."

"Then I'll walk," said the little man, briskly. "Here, take my bag, landlord, and put it in the sitting-room, and don't forget a good fire and dinner at five punctually."

But Brown, aroused to the fact that dinner was required, had a good many questions to ask as to the *menu*, and it was several minutes before his guest made his escape from the inn-yard and found himself on the broad highway. He had declined a guide to the hall; he had a tongue and could ask his way. But, in truth, there was little difficulty in finding the track.

The park palings of Wilfordhurst encompassed the little town like a garment, and the only practicable breach in the line was about a quarter of a mile from the inn-door, where a stile of tremendous height, extreme narrowness, with bars set in such a way as to present the sharpest angles to the knees and ancles of adventurous pedestrians, admitted to the penetralia of the great house.

The stranger—by the bye, there is no mystery to be observed; it was painted on his black carpet-bag in great white letters, "R. Petworth"—Mr. Petworth, then, found no difficulty in identifying this style as the entrance to the footway of which he was in search. Indeed, besides the physical obstacles that barred the way, there were sundry others of a moral nature. No less than three huge boards thickly covered with inscriptions denounced fearful penalties on all trespassers. A nervous, timid man might have been deterred from attempting an entry in the face of all these threats and warnings, but they had no such effect upon Petworth, who climbed to the top of the stile and lowered himself gently down on the other side, not without many muttered maledictions on the authors of such torturing contrivances.

Once within the park the walk was pleasant enough, among wooded glades carpeted thickly with the old year's leaves, through which the bright green fronds of the ferns were now thrusting themselves, and by and by you came to an opening where you saw a long narrow lake glittering below, and beyond that a wooded slope with the mansion house showing through the trees—an ugly house enough at first sight, square and many windowed, built of a pink pallid kind brick; but there is something imposing about it nevertheless, as it stands out from the great belt of trees behind it, solid, respectable.

Over the lake was a somewhat pretentious stone bridge, and here the footway joined the principal drive which led up the slope of the hill to the house. There is a sort of embarrassing feeling in approaching a big house on foot; it looks at one so suspiciously with its many windows, and seems so taken up with its self-contained life, and so indifferent to anything your insignificance may have to say to it, that humanity is quite dwarfed and crippled by it. Petworth himself seemed to own the influence of this kind of feeling, for he pished and pshawed frequently as he walked slowly up to the house, as if he were dissatisfied and indignant at his own impressions.

"To think," he said to himself, as he stopped for a moment to take breath and admire the prospect, "to think that I should be as big a fool now as I was twenty years ago. Does a countryman ever get rid of his squire-ridden feelings? I am the master here, or shall be soon, and yet I feel as timid in approaching the big house as when I was a poor out-at-elbows clerk, and brought papers in at the side door for his worship to sign."

Petworth did not attempt the side entrance this time, however, but walked boldly up the terrace to the principal entrance. A nearer view showed that the house was probably at this moment untenanted by its proprietor. Blinds were down, volants were shut, complete silence reigned everywhere. The hall-bell rang with an empty desolate clank, and no one came to the door for a very long time.

A servant in plain clothes appeared at last, yawning and blinking, as if just aroused from noontide repose.

"Mr. Wilford not at home, eh?" asked Mr. Petworth, sharply.

"No, sir," replied the man, with an intonation as if that were a self-evident fact.

"And not likely to be, eh, for some time?"

"Not likely to be for some time," repeated the man. "Let me see," he went on, as, now aroused, he felt the advantage of a little human society. "Week after next's the Derby week; ain't it? Yes, to be sure. Well, master won't be back afore then; and then there's Hascot, and all the rest of 'em, one upon the 'eels of the other. No, sir, if nothing unforeseen occurs, I don't suppose we shall see much of our young gent, not before partridge-shooting. Then he is sure to be here."

"Oh, you think so," said Petworth, with a covert kind of sneer; "sure to be here then, eh? Very well; we shall meet in town before then, I dare say. Come, I want to see the house."

"Ours ain't a show place, sir," said the man, with dignity.

"Never mind that. Half-a-crown's as much good to you as to anybody else, I daresay."

That was a point of view that seemed to commend itself to the intelligence of the servant. Still he was a countryman, and not over greedy of gain.

"There ain't anythink particular well worth seeing in the house," in a tone that showed he was not anxious to get the best of a bargain.

"Never mind that. I think it worth half-a-crown, anyhow. Show me the way, John."

John made no further demur, but conducted the visitor through the various apartments of the house. The man was right. There really was nothing much to be seen. The furniture was heavy and old-fashioned, the hangings faded. If there were anything rare or valuable belonging to the place, it was locked up and out of sight. There was scarcely indeed anything human about the place; all was formal faded sophistry.

"Where does your master *live* when he's here?" said Petworth, turning sharply on the man. "Surely not in these old-furniture magazines?"

"Well, sir, you see there's nothing been changed here since the old Squire's time, and he was one of the good old sort, sir, tho't more of horses and dogs and guns, than tables nor chairs nor womenfolk, and such like. Of course, when the young master marries, everything will be different."

"Any talk of that?" asked Petworth, in an indifferent tone.

"Almost settled, sir. His cousin, Miss Wilford, of 'Ide-park-gardens—a young lady as is a great heiress."

"Never mind that. Where does your master *live*, I ask you, when he's here?"

"In the old Squire's rooms, sir. I'll show them presently."

The old Squire's rooms had a pleasant aspect to the southwest, with a view of a slope of sunny lawn and of the entrance to the stables. The sitting-room had a pair of double doors, opening directly into the open air upon a paved footway that led straight to the stables. This had been the old Squire's justice-room, where he had administered the affairs of the district in a rough autocratic fashion. There was a portrait of Lord Eldon over the fireplace, the frame of which was adorned with festoons of foxes' brushes. About the walls were portraits of favorite hunters and celebrated racers, and in a place of honor opposite the master's desk was a grand oil painting by the president of the Royal Academy of the day, in which the old Squire himself, in the most glaring of scarlet coats, surrounded by black-and-white dogs with tails at every possible inclination to the horizon, leant against a bright bay hunter and looked amiably out at the spectators.

"That cost a thousand guineas, that did," said the servitor, in an awe-struck tone, pointing to the masterpiece.

"A thousand, eh?" said Petworth, surveying it critically, head on one side. "Worth a hundred, perhaps, at a forced sale," he went on to himself, in a half whisper.

"That's a beautiful bit, the old dog scratching the flea out in the corner; ain't it, sir?" said the servant, shyly, as if afraid of the consequences of his criticism.

"So it is, John," said Petworth; "that's the best bit of the canvas—just the touch of nature, you know."

"Ah, that *is* natural!" replied John, giving himself a sympathetic hitch. "It pleases me, does that, more'n I can tell you, sir. The young gent don't care for these pictures, sir. Says he, one night he came home in a desperate bad temper, 'John,' says he, 'I'll have all those pictures hung up in the coach-house.'"

"And he's a great racing man?"

"So he are, sir; but not like the old Squire. His heart ain't in it, like the old gent's, sir, and he ain't got his judgment. They say, sir," said John, sinking his voice into a whisper, "that he's lost a deal of money by it the last few years."

"Humph!" said Petworth, dryly, "that's as may be. And so, out of all this big house, these are the only two rooms he uses—these little bits of things?"

"That's all, sir. We always keep fires here, you know, sir, in case he should drop in without letting us know."

"Humph!" said Petworth, again, dropping into the easy-chair that stood on one side of the fireplace, and casting a critical glance round the room. "It wouldn't suit me, I think. How many horses have you got in the stables?"

"Well, sir, not so much of them, sir,

now, as in the old Squire's days. There's a couple of hacks for the use of the house, and there's half a dozen hunters of master's, and three carriage-horses, and a pony for the housekeeper to drive about with."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Petworth, "a pony for the housekeeper, eh? Is she young, eh?"

"Bless you, no, sir! well-nigh eighty."

"That makes it worse," cried Petworth, in a suppressed voice. "So much worse for the young idiot. Well, I say, John, do you think you could put one of those hacks into the dog-cart and get the groom to drive me back to Fordham? I'm tired with all this walking."

"I'll ask the head groom, sir," said John, who was impressed with the visitor's general knowledge and great affability. "I'll say it's a particular friend of master's."

"Say it's a gentleman who's got five shillings in his pocket, John, which is more than all his friends can say, John."

John laughed furtively and went away on his errand. Petworth, left to himself, drew out his pocket-book and began to make memoranda.

"The whole lot ain't worth eight hundred," he muttered to himself—"not a copper more than that. Bless me, the young chap has come right to the end of his tether, and it's time he's pulled up short."

"The trap will be round in one minute, sir," said John, coming into the room once more.

Petworth rose and buttoned up his great-coat, making his way back to the hall; he stood looking out through the glass door with thoughtful aspect.

"Twenty years ago," he muttered to himself, "I was hustled out of this house like a thief, by the orders of that fiery old reprobate in the scarlet coat. I told him I should come back, and here I am. All in good time—all in good time."

Then the dog-cart dashed up to the door, and Petworth was whisked off to the good fire and good dinner that awaited him at the Star Hotel at Fordham.

"Do you know who your friend is, John?" said the groom to his fellow servant when he had returned from driving Mr. Petworth.

"No," said John. "Is it anybody particular?"

"That's the great sporting lawyer, Petworth—he has lent the Duke of Mudford twenty thousand pounds on his own note, time when the duke couldn't raise another crown-piece to meet his bets at Tattersall's. Same chap as they say made fifty thousand in two years out of the Marquis of Brighton. They say as he's took master in hand now—come down here to spy out the nakedness of the land."

"Well, he's not a bad sort of gent, anyhow," replied John, jingling in his pocket two half-crowns, by which he was the richer for the lawyer's visit.

But the talk in the servants' hall that night was all of failures and distresses, of the rights of servants as to wages and how they could be recovered, with other matters of a like nature.

CHAPTER III.

AVENUE GARDENS.

It is a pleasant morning now in May, and notwithstanding the revolution of public opinion against this once over-lauded month, it may be safely affirmed that there are pleasant days in May. A fresh and balmy breeze is stirring the leaves of the elms in Hyde Park, and gently stealing in at the windows of the houses in Avenue-gardens.

They are nice comfortable-looking houses those in Avenue-gardens, overlooking Hyde. Looking over from their upper windows to the leafy wilderness of the park, where nursemaids and children stray, and not unseldom the scarlet shell jacket of a lifeguardsman makes a kind of sunshine in the shade, you might almost fancy yourself at the edge of some country domesne, but for the roar of traffic, which reminds you that London, in the shape of the Bayswater-road, rolls between. This river of traffic is just now in full spate, glittering indeed like its type, as the sun glances on its surface newly drenched by the water-carts.

Gaily-painted omnibuses are bustling along with their loads of business and official people from Shepherd's Bush and Notting Hill and the parts thereto adjacent, their cargoes made up and careless of casual hails from scattered wayfarers on the pavements. The *trottoir* too, under the windows of Avenue-gardens, is filled with a side stream of well-dressed foot-passengers, smart men with flowers in their button-holes, who step out briskly towards Pall Mall and Whitehall. Tradesmen's carts rattle about, and the gondola of London, the ubiquitous all-penetrating hansom, sails briskly with the stream, in ceaseless procession.

At number thirty-three Avenue-gardens the inmates are now at breakfast. There is the master of the house, a grizzled, thoughtful looking man, who is sitting in a very easy chair by a cheerful blazing fire. Mr. Arthur Wilford does not believe in these delusive spring mornings. The broad sheet of the *Times* is spread before him, a toast-rack is within reach of his plate, and a quite attentive man-servant, somewhat grizzled like his master, but younger looking, attends sedulously to all his wants.

Between the fireplace and the window are sitting behind a hissing tea-urn two girls, the nieces of Mr. Wilford, who occupy the place of daughters in the household of the childless bachelor. The elder, whose name is Audrey, is tall and fair, with light brown hair twisted round a shapely head. The younger, whom they call Hester, is *petite* and dark, with sparkling merry eyes, graceful too and lithe as a young fawn. Hester has thrown her arm round her sister's neck, and is reading over her shoulder a letter which the other holds in her hand.

Audrey has received a goodly crop of letters this morning—the table is strewed with them, and with other more solid tokens of remembrance; little packets carefully folded in silver paper; a jewel-case half open, revealing the soft shimmer of a pearl necklace. In fact, it is Miss Wilford's birthday; she is just twenty-one, and although this epoch has not the same importance on the female side as the masculine coming of age, nevertheless, as Audrey is handsome and an heiress, she finds plenty of friends to do her reverence, and place before her their offerings.

"Yes," said the younger, after awhile, "you have a nice lot of pretty things and good wishes, but among them all I don't see any from Westley, and he always has remembered your birthday, Audrey."

Arthur Wilford looked up sharply from under his shaggy eye brows.

"I am glad the young man has had the good taste not to write or send anything," he said. "He must see now that you are no longer boys and girls together, and all that must cease."

"Still," persisted Hester, "I think he ought to have taken some notice of the day. Remember he is the head of the family, and he really ought to be courteous to the younger branches."

"Head of the family, indeed," muttered uncle Arthur, "a pretty head, indeed, a *caput mortuum*."

Here Audrey raised her head for the first time since the conversation began, and meeting her uncle's look firmly, but with a rising blush:

"You have heard no harm of Westley, have you, uncle?" she asked.

"Little good—little good," said Artour Wilford, shaking his head. "He is going on in the same reckless way as his father, and he has not my brother's cunning to keep him out of the mire. He comes in for an incumbered property, and instead of paying everything off, and putting things out to nurse, he carries on, reckless of everything."

"But can you blame a son for following his father's example?"

"When it's such an example as Squire Wilford set him. Suppose his father had been hung, Audrey, would you have the son go to the gallows also, out of filial respect? There was never any love lost between my brother and me; in fact, we hated one another most fraternally; but for all that I'd have held out a hand to the young fellow—but pooh! if I offer him a bit of good advice, up goes his head into the air."

"Yes, he is very hot-tempered," admitted Audrey in a mournful tone.

"Just like his father, he would never take advice; and then to put the lad into the Guards—a plain country squire's son in the Guards. Blatant folly."

"He talks of exchanging into a less expensive regiment, I think," said Audrey.

"Tut! he should have done that long ago. Well, we'll say no more on an ungrateful subject," said Arthur Wilford, closing the discussion with an authoritative shake of the head from which there was no appeal.

Audrey swept together her letters and her presents with a sigh. The day had ceased to be bright for her somehow, and she had no longer any pleasure in what it had brought her. Breakfast over, she went down to her daily employment, not very arduous, of adding up the housekeeper's book, and arranging with that very efficient functionary the programme of the day's dinner. This done, she made her way to the library, and ensconced herself in her favorite nook—a comfortable old-fashioned sofa in a recess—where she tried to lose sight of herself in the pages of a book. She had not been there long when she heard the assiduous man-servant, Parker, throw open the door, saying, "Master will see you in the library, sir," and then close it upon the visitor.

This was a tall handsome-looking man of five or six-and-twenty, with a long tawny moustache, and hair a little darker in hue. As soon as Parker had shut the door, his face, which had worn the non-chalant expression characteristic of the young *militaire*, suddenly changed and darkened. He threw himself into a library-chair, leant his head upon his arm, and groaned heavily. Audrey rose, letting fall her book, and Westley Wilford—for he it was—hastily resumed his *sang froid* and came to meet her.

"What is the matter, Wesley?" she said, offering her hand. "Have you any bad news?"

"News? No," he said; "nothing. Why?"

"You looked so ill as you came in a moment; I thought you were in some trouble."

"Well, you are right," said Westley; "I am in no end of trouble. But why should I bore you with my misfortunes?"

"You will not bore me; and if I could be of any use to you—I don't see how, but the mouse helped the lion, you know."

"I'm past helping," said Wilford sadly. "I have come to a regular smash. And I thought I was beginning to see my way, too. I had put my affairs into the hands of a man who's no end clever at managing these things; and then I have got a rattling good three year old, who's in the Derby, and who's safe to pull off some good stakes this year."

"That is Astyonax, I suppose," said Audrey.

"Ah! what do you know about him? Who told you about Astyonax?"

"I saw it in the newspapers. One takes such an interest in reading about anybody one knows."

"I didn't think your tastes ran that way, Audrey," said Wilford. "Well, do you see the mess I'm in? Those rascally bankers at Fordham, who had a heavy mortgage on the place, have foreclosed all of a sudden and taken possession, so that I can't draw a penny."

"That is dreadful. And what follows?"

"Why everybody is down upon me in a heap. Wilfordhurst will be for sale shortly, and I want uncle Arthur to buy it. You must urge him to do it."

"Wilfordhurst for sale!" repeated Audrey in dismay. "Oh, Westley, how does it happen?"

"Oh, I hardly know; everything has melted away like a snow-wreath. But get uncle Arthur to buy it, Audrey. There are old servants, old tenants, who would be altogether knocked out of time if a new speculative owner came to the property. And then the family influence and so on; he ought to buy it and keep these things up."

"But what will you have when Wilfordhurst is sold?"

"A good deal less than nothing, I fancy," said Westley, knitting his brows.

"Indeed! I am very sorry for you," said Audrey, sadly.

"I don't deserve that you should be sorry. I can see now what I have lost, and for what I have lost it. And yet, pity me a little, Audrey, and don't believe everything you hear said against me."

"I do pity you," said Audrey, "and I will never believe that you have done anything really wrong. But, Westley, before uncle comes, do you want money now? I have fifty pounds that uncle gave me as a birthday present. I don't want it; take it just for present needs."

"My dear child," cried Westley, "it was your birthday, and I forgot it! Well, adversity makes one forget everything. Audrey, a hundred good wishes from your good-for-nothing cousin. But I don't want money; I have got plenty for the moment at my bankers'—the purchase-money of my commission, in fact, which I have sold."

"And that is gone, too," said Audrey; "your profession and everything!"

"It must have gone, sooner or later. But I had a reason for selling now. With the money I got for my commission I may redeem a good deal."

"How is it possible——"

"That money will enable me to send my colt to the post for the Derby, and to back him—nay, I have backed him already to win me twenty thousand pounds. There is just that chance on the cards for me."

"I shall pray that he may win," said Audrey, fervently. "But take my fifty pounds, too, for Astyonax."

"Dear Audrey," cried Westley, taking her hands in his, "what a comfort to have a friend like you in misfortune. But I won't take your money, dear."

At this moment the door opened suddenly, and Arthur Wilford appeared on the scene, looking cold and angry.

"Ah, Westley," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. And, Audrey, I did not know you were here," looking suspiciously from one to the other.

"I have been congratulating Audrey on her birthday," said Westley.

"Hum!" said Arthur Wilford, grimly. "I presume that is not the only motive of your visit?"

"No," said Westley; "I want to see you on business."

"Very well. Audrey, leave us, please."

Audrey left the room in a woe-begone, disconsolate way.

"Now," said Arthur Wilford, putting on his coldest, gravest expression, "take a seat, Westley. Now, what can I do for you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOMAN HERSELF.

> Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost.
> —*Dutch Proverb.*

"White flowers; stephanotis; tube-roses; violets; white rose-buds. Is that all, my dear?"

"That is all; except that you are to remember and come back in time to see me dressed for the ball. You are not to steal off with the first old friend you chance to meet and waste a whole evening over city politics, or whatever it is that men talk about when they are alone together. What *do* you talk about, not having ball-dresses and flowers, and—and partners for the dance? But you'll remember, papa, you are to come directly back."

"I remember, dear; I'll go at once."

"But, papa, wait a moment. I want to kiss you. It is so good of you to go out for my flowers. So late, too! I should not ask you, only nobody selects such lovely bouquets as you do. You must have had great experience when you were young, picking out pretty bouquets for your lady-loves! Now, didn't you?"

Jumping up from her low seat by the window, Miss Rosalind Vane ran forward, and taking her father's wrinkled face between her two pretty pink palms, kissed him vehemently.

"There, there, dear! that will do." Mr. Vane released himself, rather out of breath, and proceeded to set his necktie straight. "It's nothing; only a step round to Jacquard's—and I like looking over the flowers. Go now and make yourself beautiful against I come back. I know of one young gentleman who came off the steamer to-day who would like right well to set eyes on my beauty when she has blossomed out in her daintiest attire."

Mr. Vane in his turn took the pretty fair head beneath him in his two hands and fondly kissed the soft curled love-locks clustering round the white fore-head.

"Somebody on the steamer!" Rose lifted her soft brown eyes in careless curiosity to her father's face. "What, papa! you don't mean to say St. Albert has come! In that case I couldn't go to the party, you know."

"Bless you, child, no! St. Albert is not expected for several weeks, is he? But I can tell you who did come in the Bonnie Belle. Young Robert Temple. I chanced to meet him down town, and I knew him at once. You remember him, don't you, dear? Why you used to be great friends when you were children together at Forestburg."

"What! Robert Temple! Robert Temple, my old playmate—indeed I do remember him. And has he returned—and you have seen him! Is he coming to see us?"

"He is coming to see us—to see you more, I suppose. You used to be little sweethearts, I remember. And more, he is grown to be a stalwart man—as you have grown to be a stately young beauty—sun-burned, strong, and manly. A hero for a novel!"

"I am not sun-burned and manly," retorted Miss Rosalind, with a charming pout.

"Dear child, did I say that? You are a young tyrant instead, and you frighten and subdue and make a slave of your soft-hearted old father. There; I'm off now, for sure."

And the old gentleman took himself out of the house, humming a line of the familiar old love-songs of his youth which came to him betimes in the quietude of age.

Instead of making herself ready for the ball, Miss Vane, after her father's departure, flung herself down in an indolent manner in her chair.

"So Robert Temple has come back." She flung up her lissom white arms over her head and mused with shut eyes. "I shall like to see him—and he must be changed, greatly changed, just as I am." Her pretty lips curled softly. "How like a young cavalier he used to be! He had such a brave, protecting air. He used to fetch me all the pretty flowers, and blue little birds' eggs, and he used to lift me and carry me across the streams in the woods up there at Forestburg. Heigh-ho! Suppose we were to go back there, just for one day, Robert and I, and play at being children. Why, I dare say he is engaged to be married—plighted to some West Indian beauty, dark and dangerous, hung round with ropes of rubies—and I—I am to marry St. Albert, the young prince of Manhattan. Such changes time brings about! And the worst of it all is, that one is not quite sure if the new things are better than the old."

Thus she sat and mused and dreamed. The moments sped; the long eyes drooped sleepily over the browns; her thoughts wandered. She dreamed that she was in a great, dim forest; a hunter clad all in green like Robin Hood, came toward her, riding carelessly under the oak trees; and he called her name, and said he loved her, and asked her to be his wife; and then he took her in his arms—this strange bold knight—and then, as in the ancient ballads, kissed her lips and kissed her cheeks—and then—and then——

Rosalind Vane struggled up out of sleep into her waking senses, and in the dull lighted room the tall figure of a man standing before her.

Was it only her dream, or was it a man bending over her as she woke, and was that his kiss that, as she stirred, touched her mouth lightly as a snowflake falls upon a flower. Oh! it was her dream, of course.

"Sir—sir!" She put up her hand to her forehead, and the stranger drew back a step. That step placed him full in the faint light coming in at the window.

"Mr. Temple!" Rose struggled to her feet. She guessed at once who this handsome stranger was, but she was still confused with the mystery of her dream. "Yes, I am sure it is you: You're Robert Temple, are you not?"

"I am Robert Temple." He took mechanically the hand she held out to him. Was there to be no warmer greeting than this for him who at her bidding, had come up from warm South latitudes to meet her? Was this a cold touch of the hand—a prettily phrased sentence of welcome—when he was yearning to take her in his arms, cover the cool, fair cheek with kisses sweet as love.

"I—I believe I was asleep when you came in," Rose faltered, drawing back her hand, confused by his strange silence, his flashing looks. "I was dreaming." She watched him curiously. "I think, too, that I must have been dreaming of you—I was waiting for papa to come—dreaming of you and the old days at Forestburg, when we were fast friends."

"Were you!" Young Temple would have caught her hand again only that she drew gently back a step. "Your father told me you were changed," he stammered, his heart failing him again, his high hopes faltering. "He told me, when I met him to-day, that you were greatly changed; but I should have known you at the other side of the earth. You are not changed to me, and you're very like the picture you sent me."

Though he said these words bravely enough, nevertheless he made the plea shiveringly. But he was determined to go to the heart of the matter, to know the worst at once. The girl's cold looks, her colder words and manner, perplexed him, made him for the moment thoroughly miserable.

"It was very kind of you," he stumbled on, "and to write to me to come back."

Colder and colder the girl's face grew in the dusk that was fast gathering round them. Fortunately, or unfortunately, Temple could not see the look she wore, and he pressed on to his doom.

"You knew when I got that message I would come. Surely you knew I would obey. You—you expected me, did you not?"

Rose Vane did not for a moment answer them. She stepped forward to the hearth, and, striking a match, she touched the gas burner there. A jet of flame shot up, and showed in full and fair relief the excited face of the man before her. She turned to him, cold and grave, but her heart beat thickly, and her voice, in spite of her firm will, quivered:

"Mr. Temple, there is some mistake. I have not written you any message. I did not expect you. I did not know of your return till half an hour ago, when my father told me you were in the city, and would come to see us for old time's sake."

She paused. Something in the expression of the flushed, handsome face, that handsome face quivering and flushing in the gaslight, checked her fluent words. Her own fair face grew pale; she guessed—she felt, she knew not what. There was something mysterious hidden behind this youth's unexpected return, his strange manner, his stranger words, and bold assertions.

"Mr. Temple," she faltered, "what is it? Why do you look at me in that way? I have told you the simple truth. I did not dream of your coming home till my father told me. And then I was very glad—you are not offended—yes, I was very glad that you were here among us again. You know you used to be my little champion in our childhood's days."

She spoke kindly, in soft, sweet womanly tones, and her voice grew stronger, her manner grew more composed and tenderly gracious. Again she stretched out her hand to him, all her sweet face flushing like a rose. "You are very welcome among us—oh, surely it does not need that I should tell you that," she finished, softly.

The young man stood staring at her in perplexed silence. He did not touch the hand she held out. His face was deadly pale—his lips quivered.

"You are not offended?" she faltered out, frightened and bewildered at his odd looks, not knowing which way to turn.

He did not answer her timid question; he was looking at her intently, his mind busy with some vexing doubt, some problem that grew darker every word she spoke.

"You did not write to me, Miss Vane,—you did not send me a message bidding me come back?" he asked.

"No—oh, no!" she faltered. "How can you ask it?—how can you think—for one moment suppose—that I could do so bold, so unmaidenly a thing?"

"And the picture you sent me—the letters you wrote me—do you deny those, too?" His voice rose to a high pitch of excitement—the pant of the rising storm broke through his enforced calm. "Do you deny those, too? Oh, I dare say you will—it is so easy, to stand there and speak to me with that calm face—in that calm, unimpassioned voice of yours. To deny having written me sweet words—tender and loving and womanly—keeping my sad heart warm through the chill of these long years of exile. It would be 'bold and unmaidenly,' forsooth—those were your words—'bold and unmaidenly'—were they not?—not tender and true, as a true man likes."

"Mr. Temple!" Rose drew back a step away from those fierce words, those fiery, flashing eyes.

"And these letters"—he went on taking a tiny package from his pocket—"these letters, for I have more than one of them, Miss Vane, and they all carry your signature—you say you did not write them—and this picture, you will say you did not send it to me—that it is not you, but I have it in my possession, and it is as like you as a flat surface without life or expression can be like a living, breathing woman. What am I to think?"

He held out a paper. Rose took it, her hand trembled as she opened it. He stood and watched her as a man would watch waiting to hear her lips pronounce sentence of life or death. Rose looked up at him with an immeasurable pity and shame and sadness in her eyes.

"Mr. Temple," she said, softly, "there has been some mistake. Oh, it is cruel. This is my handwriting, and yet it is not mine—there is a difference. What are you to think? Oh, you are to think, you are to believe that some one has been deceiving you—playing miserably with my name!"

"You did not write it then?" he asked, huskily.

Her eyes answered him: they were soft and pitiful now—all her indignation at the cruel use made of her name had vanished under the pressure of a profounder emotion of regret for him. She read all his disappointment in his speaking face.

"And the picture—look, it is yours; and it came in those letters to me."

The girl looked down at the plate he placed in her hand, and she beheld there her own face, her own! no other! The soft, brown eyes smiled up—the soft, brown eyes looked down, each a duplicate of the other. The red lips in the picture seemed to smile and curl mischievously, the careless, lovely locks of chestnut hair fell down about the dimpled cheeks. Yes! a fair picture, and her own! Rose Vane could not deny that. She looked up into the eager face bending over her, and tears that she could no longer keep back, rose up and flowed down her cheeks.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, so sorry," she murmured. "I would give much if this cruel thing had never been done. But I am innocent of it, Mr. Temple; I am innocent of it all."

"It's all over, then," said Temple, huskily. He took the picture and letter from her passive hand and put them back in his pocket. "It's all over, and you see what I've come back for, on a fool's errand—your silence tells me that—and yet, as God hears me, Rosalind—Miss Vane—I thought that you had kept your girl's promise to me; I simply believed you were true to your girlish love for me—and so, because the lips there in that picture bade me come, I came! There is no need of saying more."

His voice broke; he paused a moment, looking at her narrowly. She stood before him with sweet downcast face and downcast eyes, her bright hair falling round her face, and gleaming on her rounded shoulders. He looked at her a moment, standing thus, the woman who might have been the happiness, but now was destined to be the torturing memory of his life, since she was lost to him.

"Miss Vane," he began again abruptly, "you said just now that you looked upon those letters as being bold and unmaidenly. Well, I did not think them so. They came to me in exile, they cheered my lonely heart, and made me believe there was truth and goodness still in the world. When I was on the tobacco plantations of Jamaica, surrounded by black faces, I used to look at your picture, and if I were to live a thousand years it would be too short a time to tell you all my dreams over it."

He checked himself abruptly, and taking a turn up and down the room came back again to where she was standing, unable still to speak.

"When the lips in that picture bade me come back to them, Miss Rosalind," he began more composedly, "I came only too gladly. There was not an hour of day or night, but that I thought of you and blessed you for your truth and sincerity. At night, when the sailors were chanting their rude songs, under the throbbing stars, when the water washed about the boat, and any other life but ours upon the sea seemed like a fantasy, I thought of you and my heart warmed with earthly hopes once more. It's over now, and all I've got to do is to forget—no not that—I couldn't forget if I tried; but to take myself away out of your sight, and let you forget that such a being as Robert Temple lives."

"No, no! Oh, no, not that! You must not say that." Rose had got her senses back now, and starting forward with outstretched hands she lifted up pleading eyes to his. "You won't do that. How could I forget, even for one moment, forget this day. You judge me too harshly! Surely, surely we may be friends."

"Friends!" Robert Temple laughed curtly. "You ask me to be friends with you; when I desire substance you offer me a shadow; could I hold that in my arms and make it mine? No, Miss Vane, the kindest wish you could make would be that I might forget you totally. That I should never recall your memory again."

He stopped, struck with compunction by her pale face and reproachful, uplifted eyes.

"Forgive me!" he cried impetuously. "I am a savage, a rough West Indian savage, and you are an angel of goodness and truth;—and—and we *will* be friends if you will permit it!

Something in the girl's manner, her tears, her downcast pleading looks, touched his mobile fancy, and dispelling his dark thoughts set some brighter images fluttering like a covey of white winged birds through his mind.

"I say, Rose, dear!" the door here opened and shut again behind a young lady who came briskly forward toward the silent couple, bringing a boquet and a basket of brightly colored flowers. "Here are the flowers Uncle Philip sent you. Are they not beauties? I know you were engaged; but I knew, too, that it was time you were dressing for the evening, and so I made bold to interrupt you."

"And quite right of you to do so." The new comer had put the flowers on the table, and was staring rather inquisitively at the strange visitor standing there on the hearth-rug.

"I had really and truly forgotten about the party," continued Rose, "and now I shall be late, as usual, and Mrs. Palmer will be waiting for me, and be very cross. Mr. Temple," she turned to him, "this is my cousin Rosamond Vane! there are two Rose Vane's, you see," she smiled slightly, alluding to the signature of the mysterious letters. "Rosey, I am sure there is no necessity of my explaining to you who Robert Temple is."

"Robert Temple! Oh, no, indeed! I should think not, I perfectly remember hearing Uncle Philip tell all about him." This other Rose Vane walked up and shooks hands with him. She was a singularly tall and beautiful creature—very different from her cousin; her pale oval face was shadowed by low lying bands of black hair; her slight swaying figure was distinguished for its willowy grace of movement; her voice when she spoke was very sweet, but clear and melodiously cultivated.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Temple; and when did you return from Jamaica?"

Before Temple could answer this simple question, Rose interrupted him.

"From Jamaica?" she repeated with wide opened eyes. "Now how could you tell that, Rosey, that Mr. Temple came from Jamaica. It is more than I could have guessed myself. How did you know it?"

Rosamond blushed hotly.

"How did I know it?—why—Uncle Philip, yes Uncle Philip must have told me. Here he is himself to answer for it. Certainly he must have told me."

Mr. Vane entered, following close upon his niece's footsteps. He smiled when he saw what visitor the two girls were entertaining.

"What, Temple! Found your way already to us? That is kind of you." He laid a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder. "I told Rose it would not be long before you came to see her. And how do you find us? Changed a good deal, eh? Rose, I dare say, is grown entirely out of your remembrance!"

"Indeed, no!" Robert answered steadily. "I should have known Miss Vane anywhere. She is very like her," very like her picture he was going to say; but caught himself in time. "She is very like what I remember her to have been when we were children together in Foustburg!" he finished calmly, but he did not once look at Rose while he was saying it.

"Eh, no? not changed, you say? well, well, in one sense of the word that is complimentary, my dear. And how about the flowers?" Mr. Vane turned to his daughter. "Are they what you wanted?"

"Oh, yes; and a thousand thanks, papa! you know quite well that you always get me exquisite boquets, you just want me to flatter you, that's all." Rose rose on tip-toe and kissed the top of her papa's bald head. "There now! and I'll run away and dress. You wont mind my going now. You have got Mr. Temple to keep you company, and Rosey."

"Yes, yes! you run along now. Don't think your bright eyes are the only attraction we have in the house. Mr. Temple will stay and keep me company, and we shall have tea with Rosey, and then a quiet rubber of whist afterward. You like whist, eh, Temple."

The young man answered mechanically. The talk ran on and he bore his part in it, but he could not have told after what sentiments he gave utterance to. He simply was conscious that Rose was gone, and the room seemed empty; and then by and by it filled again, and the air grew flushed and rosy with the radiance of her presence. She was dressed in ball attire, and she seemed to him to be all floating white mist, with something paly blush-like, breaking through it like the tint of dawn. Jewels flashed in her hair and flowers nestled in her bosom. He had never seen so fair a creature as this before; he hardly dared to look at her, for fear she would float and fade away out of sight.

He went out with her to the carriage; he assisted her in, and then stood waiting. His heart, at every step he took, sank lower and lower. He thought how audacious he had been; he had thought to win this bright creature to his arms, to sit at his quiet hearth stone! why, the dress even that she wore to-night would cost more than his yearly income.

"Good night! thanks!" she said in her pretty, careless tone. "You will come and see us again soon, will you not."

He stood at the carriage door, the light upon his face. She might have seen the eager, constrained look in his eyes, she was busy settling her drapery—her costly flounces—priceless nets of lace that cost perhaps some poor girl her eye sight, far away in the high Swiss mountains.

"You will come again to see us! you will not quite forget us, Mr. Temple."

"I shall not be very likely to forget you," he returned, shortly. "You know that as well as I. Whether I come to see you or not, remains for you to say. If I come to this house, I tell you plainly it will be to see you. Bid me come, or bid me stay away, I will obey you."

She hesitated a moment, looking round her rather wildly. Some instinct of danger to come startled her, speaking from his flashing eyes, in his earnest gestures. Should she tell him not to come again?

She leaned forward. The light flashed on her jewels, her flowers and floating draperies, on the fair and thoughtful face set round by waves of careless chestnut hair.

He thought she was going to bid him go, and come no more, and a sharp pain shot through his breast. Should he see her no more—this fair, bright creature—hear her never speak again! Oh, no! no! He had been too rash, too rude—and yet——

"You did not use to be so cruel," he said, with some bitterness. "Once, in earlier days, you would not have sent me adrift so coldly, without one regretful word."

"Cruel!" The girl's face flushed. She started up. "But I am not cruel. I have not sent you adrift. You must come again. Yes; I ask it. You will come again? Why should we not be friends as we used to be—and papa is there; he will always be glad to see you. And now—don't soil my glove, please." She laughed in some confusion. "And now, good-night."

He stood and watched the carriage as it rolled away. He forgot his engagement with Mr. Vane for the evening—forgot that he was expected again in the house, where tea was waiting for him. He shivered slightly as he turned and walked down the street. Perhaps it was the chill night air that made his face so pale.

And this was what he had come back for, he thought; for the sake of this girl with her fair face, her soft, persuasive voice, her smile, her thousand witcheries and tricks of manner. Was he not the maddest of the mad? He had come up from his Southern home for sake of her, and she had dressed herself and gone to a ball—and she would smile and give soft glances, and dance through the night, and in the morning she would wake and smile pityingly as she thought of him.

He tortured his heart with these reflections. He went back along the quiet avenue, its stately brown-stone mansions in gloomy grandeur frowning down upon him. Was there any heart-ache like his behind those costly stones?

He stood and looked at the walls behind which she walked sometimes. How coldly they shut her in away from him; and then, as he dashed his hand against his forehead, he remembered that her last words were kind ones. She had bid him come again and see her. If she had not accepted, at least she had not rejected his devotion. That was something to hug to his eager heart in the shape of a forlorn hope.

He had left the cars in the lower part of the city, and was walking across to the hotel, when he came suddenly upon a strange group. As he approached he saw an old man lying stretched along the pavement. He was apparently in strong convulsions. The light from a saloon door streamed full upon his face, showing it wrinkled and seamed and weather-beaten. His white hair and beard streamed, a pitiful sight in that cold light, on the stones of the street.

Temple looked, and felt a shock of recognition, and then looked again.

"What! Shaun!" he cried—"Shaun Mc. Ivor!"

The crowd parted before him as he pressed nearer. A police-officer, keeping guard, touched his cap.

"Beg pardon, sir. Do you know anything about him? He seems to be taken uncommon bad. He ought to be got to his friends, if he owns any."

"I know nothing about his friends or his circumstances," answered Robert, still staring down in a kind of shocked amazement at that wrinkled, storm-beaten old face.

It flashed through him how that face used to lighten up, and the keen old eyes how they used to twinkle with fun when Shaun told one of his stories. Robert had sat on the old man's knee many a time when he was a child, listening to his drollery.

"I used to know him when I was a lad," he told the officer, "but I have lost sight of him for many years."

"He must be taken to the station-house, then."

The officer beckoned one of his men up, and bade him get a carriage.

The old man's convulsions had ceased; he was lying quite still on the stones, his eyes were shut, and he breathed with difficulty. It was a pitiful sight.

Robert put some money in the officer's hand.

"See that he is well cared for," he said. He gave him his card. "I will come around in the morning and look after him. Meanwhile if anything happens let me be informed of it."

While they were speaking, the old man opened his eyes. He struggled up to a sitting posture and looked wildly about him.

"Maggie!" he moaned. "Maggie—where are you? Where?"

A light broke in on Robert's puzzled brain. He laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Shaun! Shaun! What is the trouble, man? Get up! Come with me!"

The old man paid no attention to him. He stumbled up to his feet; he stood so, a trembling, shabby old figure, looking expectantly around him. He was shivering as with an ague.

"She passed me," he muttered. "I saw her—and the baby she carried in her arms; she did not speak to me—to her old father! Maggie! Oh, Ahaska! my dear one—my dear one. Light of my life! Where are you this night?"

The loud wail of passionate Irish lamentation brought tears to the eyes of that cold, careless crowd.

"Shaun! Shaun! what is it? Come with me, man." Robert put his hand again on the old fellow's arm. "Come with me—let me help you."

Old Shaun did not heed him; he buttoned his coat about him, and shambled away; they heard his voice in the distance wailing shrilly:

"Maggie! Maggie, my dear one! light of my life!"

Had the old man found his child that he cried so loudly?

Robert walked rather sadly away. The policeman followed him at a distance, making a mental note of the youth's voice and face and trick of manner for further professional use, if need be. But Robert walked on unheeding. What need had he to fear the surveillance of the police or the strong arm of the law. He would have laughed had he been told that the policeman had already marked him as the connecting link in some dark tragedy—the dark villain figuring in some hidden story of crime. Old Shaun—Maggie—the child in her arms—their mysterious disappearance—Robert coming on the scene unexpectedly. Who should say what villainy was at the bottom of it?

"I'll keep an eye on you, my good fellow," thought the astute man of the police, as he stalked, like the shadow of fate, behind his unconscious victim.

Meanwhile, Robert in his room had taken out Rose's picture and was looking at it earnestly. The soft eyes smiled up at him, the full lips seemed to curve in joyous recognition, almost it seemed to speak to him as it lay there on the table under his fervent gaze.

"It's a strange position I hold in regard to her," he thought, "neither accepted nor rejected. How will it be in the end? Oh, time, time! if I could borrow something of you—if I could leap forward a year, and so put an end to all doubts and fears. But there; I'll hope for the best. Good night, lovely lips; good night, tender eyes; I will go to sleep and dream of you."

He threw open the windows and looked out into the night. The silver sickled moon was hanging over the high chimney, staring him calmly in his pale face.

"I'll wish," he thought. "When I was a boy I used always to wish to the new moon; and I will wish for her love—her love and long life, and happiness forever after."

Was it ominous for his happiness that the moon just then drifted behind a thin film of cloud, stretched across the heavens. He might have thought so, for he shut the casement quickly and turned away.

And so we leave him, a passionate lover, neither accepted nor rejected, waiting for his fate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWER.

Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Publishers, Philadelphia, have in press, and will very shortly publish:

One Hundred Years a Republic; or, Our Show; being a humorous account of the coming Centennial, from inception to completion.

From a glimpse at advance proofs which we have been permitted by this enterprising firm, we predict for "Our Show" an immense demand. It is profusely illustrated by the well known artist, A. B. Frost. The book has the great advantage that the subject is timely, and anything to relieve the depressing effect of the times will be opportune. The hits and take offs on prominent personages are so good-natured that no one can take offence, while here and there a gleam of pathos shines out, showing that the humorous pen is not the only one wielded by the authors.

Geier Wally. A tale of the Tyrol. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A very romantic story, full of love and passion, dauntless heroism and self-sacrificing devotion.

The Golden Tress. By Fortune du Boisgobey. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

A very remarkable fiction, having a most intricate and exciting plot, and will be sure to commend itself to all lovers of this style of reading.

Sherman's Historical Raid; The Memoirs in the Light of the Record. Based upon compilations made from the files of the War Office. By Gen. H. V. Boynton. One vol., small 8vo., blue cloth, uniform with Sherman's Memoirs. Price, $2.00.

Every man who served in the army should read this work, the force of which will be increased by the fact that the author studiously refrains from general military discussions. He simply shows, chiefly from official records, wherein General Sherman's Memories fall short of presenting the correct history of many great events of which they treat. This book is creating quite a stir in military circles.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Mice at Play. "When the cat's away, the mice will play." A story for the whole family. By Neil Forest, with eighteen illustrations by Sol Eytinge. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. Price, $1.50.

A very entertaining and handsomely bound book for the young folks, and sure to be very popular in the coming holiday times.

Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and others. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

This is the ninth volume of the charming Bric-A-Brac Series, and is fully equal in interest and excellence to any of its predecessors.

The Shepherd Lady; and other poems. By Jean Ingelow, author of 'Song of Seven.' Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

This is a very handsome royal 8vo. volume, illustrated with beautiful engravings in the highest style of art by Linton, Anthony, Dalziel Bros., and others. Some of the landscapes are very fine indeed, and the frontispiece is a new and fine portrait of Jean Ingelow, engraved on steel. As a Holiday book, this ought to be very popular. Price, $1.50.

Brought Home. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

A very pleasing story of English home-life with a religious aim.

The Bertram Family. By author of "Schonberg-Cotta Family." Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

A well written story, suitable for home circles.

Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher. Edited by the survivor of her family. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. Two superb steel engraved likenesses of Mrs. Fletcher, at fifteen and eighty. One volume, uniform with "Mrs. Somerville's Recollections." Price, $2.50.

From Geo. O. Wallace, 733 Sansom street, Philadelphia:

Her Waiting Heart. By Lou Capsadell. Published by Authors' Publishing Co., New York.

A story of New York, drawn from familiar phases of life, which often under the calmest surface cover the greatest depths.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia:

Cyrilla Maude's First Love. By Mrs. Hen Wood.

The Parricide. By Geo. W. W. Reynolds.

From Ludden & Bates, Music Publisher Savannah, Georgia:

The Southern Music Journal; a Monthly R view of the News, Literature and Music.

With this number this journal enters upo its fifth volume, and upon a careful examination of its contents, it compares most favorably with any similar publication in th North. To all lovers of music in the Sout for whose interests it is specially devoted, must be invaluable, and deserves the c operation and good will of Southern mus cians and writers. In addition to the exce lence of its musical contents and readin matter, the publishers are offering very d sirable and attractive inducements in th way of premiums to subscribers.

NEW MUSIC.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East 14th St New York: "Bright-eyed Nora," song an chorus, words by Thos. P. Westendorf an music by Geo. W. Persley; "Te Deum Laudamus," as sung by the choir of St. Mark Church, New York, composed by J. V. Alstrom; "Joy and Fears Mazourka," by B. C Fontana; "The Zero Waltzes," composed b W. Spenser; "Just in Time Galop," by Ja Conover; "Do you love me still the same? song and chorus, music composed by Gome Thomas; "Over the Beautiful Stars," song and chorus, music by G. W. Persley; "Let th Gold and Silver mingle," song and chorus b F. W. Turnbull; "Who's at my Window?" on of a collection of standard gems, words an music by G. A. Osborne; "Evening Shadows, meditation, by J. C. Meininger; "La Bell Galathee Waltz," by Suppe; "Rienzi March," by Henry Mayrath; "Speak to me," for piano by Campana; "Darling Gracie Bell," song and chorus, words by T. P. Westendorf and composed by G. W. Persley; "Beauties o Madame l'Archiduc," opera, by Jacques Offenbach; "Indigo Polka Mazourka," opera by J. Strauss; "The Mariner's Twilight Musings," solo and quartette, words by C. C Huskins and music by W. B. Richardson.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston: "Th Violet," words by Louis C. Elson, music by Ciro Pinsuti; "Nymphs of the Woods (Danse Poetique) for the piano, by Wm. C Wright; "Wild Flower Schottische," by C. A White; "The March of the Conquerors," fo cabinet organ or piano, by R. H. Phippen "Pull down the blind," a capital Englis comic song, words and music by Chas. Mc Carthy; "Diagonal Waltz," the latest ne dance, music by Geo. Thorne, author of "N Y. Glide," "Boston Dip Waltz," etc.; "Was I True or The First Kiss Waltz Song," word written and melody adapted by C. A. White "When your hair was Sunny Golden," son and chorus, by H. P. Danks; "Row, Brother Row," barcarole, words by Miss M. A. Longfellow, and music by H. P. Cheline; "Whe 'Tis Moonlight," waltz song, words and musi by C. A. White; "Flora's Offering Waltz," b E. Trowbridge; "First Kiss Waltz," simplifie for piano by Geo. Thorne.

From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohi "Heaven Bless Mamma," by P. Arnold D Tuler, a beautiful song and chorus; "Only f Fun," words by A. W. French, music by H S. Crandall, a ladies' serio-comic song.

From John Church & Co., Cincinnati, Ohi "Down the Stream the Shadows Darken," words and music by Karl Arini; "Hyacint Mazourka," by Harry D. Jones.

A man's real character will always b more visible in his household than an where else; and his practical wisdo will be better exhibited by the manne in which he bears rule there than eve in the larger affairs of business or public life. His whole mind may be in h business; but, if he would be happ, his whole heart must be in his home. It is there that his genuine qualities mo surely display themselves—there that h shows his truthfulness, his love, his sympathy, his consideration for others; h uprightness, his manliness—in a word, his character. If affection be not th governing principle in a household, domestic life may be the most intolerable of despotisms. Without justice, also, there can be neither love, confidence, nor respect, on which all true domestic rule is founded.

As fortune often hides under the meanest trades in life the greatest virtues, so are the greatest geniuses found frequently lodged by nature in the most deformed and misshapen bodies.

E SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

his story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 55. numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN INHOSPITABLE HOME.

rry Blew stands in the doorway of Sailor's Home, watching the two emen as they walk away, his eyes ing with gratitude and sparkling joy. And no wonder, considering change in his situation brought about heir influence. Ten minutes before, spirits were at their lowest and est. But the prospect of treble, or druple pay on board a snug ship, gh it be a trading-vessel, with the tional chance of being mate instead oremastman, has given them a fillip, only returning them to their ordinary dition, but raising them to their ghest and brightest. The only damper egret at parting with the fine young w who has done so much for him. he has passed through that already, en separating from his ship, and can better bear it under the reflection , though apart from his patron, he have an opportunity of doing someg to show his gratitude. He knows w much Crozier is interested in the ll-being of Carmen Montijo—for Harry been made acquainted with her me, as also that of Inez Alvarez—and be intrusted with a sort of guardianp over the young girls is a proud ught to the ex-man-o'-war's-man.

To carry out the confidence reposed in m will be a labor of love; and he vows his heart it shall be done, if need be, the risk of life. Indeed, the interiew just ended has made a new man of im in more senses than one; for upon e spot he registers a mental resolve to ve up dram-drinking for life, or at all ents till he has seen his charge—the o senoritas—safe landed at Panama, d the Chilian ship snug in the harbor Valparaiso. After that, he is less re that he may not again go upon a g spree.

Heaving a sigh as the young officers ss out of sight, he turns back into the r-room. It is no longer a question of is going aboard the Crusader. He must remain ashore, to be up betimes in e morning, so that he may be early at the office of the ship-agent. And now, gain, a shadow, though only a slight ne, comes over his heart. He has still efore him the undetermined question, where he is to sleep. Notwithstanding his fine prospects for the future, the resent is yet unchanged. Unfortunately, e did not think of this while the young fficers were with him, else a word would ave made all well. Either of them, he doubted not, would have relieved his necessities had they been but told of them. Too late now; they are gone out of sight, out of hail, and whither he cannot tell or guess. To attempt searching for them in such crowded streets would be only a waste of time. While thus ruefully reflecting, he is confronted by the bar-keeper, whose countenance is now beset with smiles. The fellow has got it into his head that his sailor-guest is no longer impecunious. The navy gentlemen just gone have no doubt been to engage him for their ship, and perhaps made him an advance of wages.

"Well, my salt," says he, in a tone of jocular familiarity, "I guess you've got the shiners now, an' kin settle up your score?"

"No, indeed, sir," answers Harry, more than ever taken aback; "I'm sorry to say I hain't."

"And what hev them gold-buttoned fellers been palaverin' ye about?"

"Not about money, master. Them's two o' the officers belongin' to my old ship—the British frigate Crusader. An' fine young fellows they be too."

"Much good their finikin fineness seem to hev done you! So they hain't gin you nuthin' better than their talk, hev they. Nuthin' besides?"

"Nothing besides," rejoins Blew, restraining his temper, a little touched by the bar-keeper's inquisitiveness, as also his impertinent manner.

"Nuthin' but fine words, eh? Well, thar's plenty o' them 'bout hyar, but they won't butter no parsnips; and let me tell you, my man, they won't pay your board bill."

"I know that," returns the sailor, still keeping his temper. "But I hope to have money soon."

"Oh! that's been your story for the last two days; but it won't bamboozle me any longer. You get no more credit here."

"Can't I have supper, and bed for another night?"

"No; that you can't."

"I'll pay for them first thing in the mornin'."

"You'll pay for 'em this night—now, if you calc'late to get 'em. An' if you've no cash, 'taint any use talkin'. What d'ye think we keep a tavern for? 'Twould soon be to let—bar, beds, and all—if we'd only such customers as you. So, the sooner you walk off, the better the landlord'll like it. He's jest gin me orders to tell ye clear out."

"It's gallows hard, master," says Harry, heaving a sigh; "the more so, as I've got the promise of a good berth 'board a ship that's down in the harbor. The gentlemen you seed have just been to tell me about it."

"Then why didn't they give you the money to clear your kit?"

"They'd have done that—no doubt of it—if I'd only thought o' askin' them. I forgot all about it."

"Ah, that's all very fine—a likely tale; but I don't believe a word of it. If they cared to have you in their ship, they'd have given you the wherewithal to get there. But come! it's no use shilly-shallyin' any longer. The landlord won't like it. He's given his orders sharp: Pay, or go."

"Well, I suppose I must go."

"You must; an', as I've already said, the sooner you're off the better."

After delivering this stern ultimatum, the bar-keeper jauntily returns behind his bar, to look more blandly on two guests who have presented themselves at it, called for "refreshments," and tossed down a couple of dollars to pay for them.

Harry Blew turns towards the door; and, without saying another word, steps out into the street. Once there, he does not stop, or stand hesitating. The hospitality of the so-called "home" has proved a sorry sham; and, indignant at the shabby treatment received, he is but too glad to get away from the place. All his life used to snug quarters in a fine ship's forecastle, with everything found for him, he has never before experienced the pang of having no place to sleep. He not only feels it now, in all its unpleasantness, but fancies the passers-by can perceive his humiliation. Haunted by this fancy—urged on by it—he hurries his steps; nor stays them till out of sight of the Sailor's Home, out of the street in which the inhospitable tavern stands. He even dislikes the idea of having to go back for his chest; which, however, he must sometime do.

Meanwhile, what is to become of him for the remainder of that night? How he wishes himself aboard the Crusader! How happy he would feel in her forecastle, among his old shipmates! It cannot be; and therefore it is idle to think of it. What on earth is he to do? A thought strikes him. He thinks of the ship-agent whose card Crozier left with him, and which he has thrust into his coat-pocket. He draws it out, and holds it up to a street-lamp, to make himself acquainted with the ship-agent's address. The name he remembers, and needs not that. Though but a common sailor, Harry is not altogether illiterate. The sea-port town where he first saw the light had a public school for the poorer people, in which he was taught to read and write. By the former of these elementary branches—supplemented by a smattering of Spanish, picked up in South American ports—he is enabled to decipher the writing upon the card—for it is in writing—and so gets the correct address, both the street and number. Having returned it to his pocket, he buttons up his dreadnought; and taking a fresh hitch at his duck trousers, starts off again—this time with fixed intent: to find the office of Don Tomas Silvestre.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MONTE BANK IN FULL BLAST.

A Monte bank in the city of San Francisco, in the establishment ycleped "El Dorado," part drinking-house, the other part devoted to gambling on the grandest scale. The two are carried on simultaneously, and in the same room—an oblong saloon—big enough for both. The portion of it devoted to Bacchus is at one end—that farthest from the entrance-door—where the shrine of the jolly god is represented by a liquor-bar extending from side to side, and backed by an array of shining bottles, glittering glasses, and sparkling decanters; his worship administered by half-a-dozen bar-keepers, resplendent in white shirts with wrist ruffles, and big diamond breast pins—real, not paste!

In the saloon El Dorado, there are five gambling tables, side by side, but with wide spaces between for the players. Presiding over the one which stands central is a man of about thirty years of age, of good figure, and well formed features—the latter denoting Spanish descent—his cheeks clean shaven, the upper lip moustached, the under having a pointed imperial or "goatee," which extends below the extremity of his chin. He has his hat on—so has everybody in the room—a white beaver, set upon a thick shock of black wavy hair, its brim shadowing a face that would be eminently handsome but for the eyes, that show sullen, if not sinister. These, like his hair, are coal-black in color, though he rarely raises their lids, his gaze being habitually fixed on the cards held in his hands. Once only has he looked up, and around, on hearing a name pronounced—Montijo. Two native Californians standing close behind him are engaged in a dialogue, in which they incidentally speak of Don Gregorio. It is a matter of no moment—only a slight allusion—and, as their conversation is almost instantly over, the Monte dealer again drops his long dark lashes, and goes on with the game, his features resuming their wonted impassibility.

Though to all appearance immobile as those of the sphinx, one watching him closely could see, that there is something in his mind besides Monte. For although the play is running high, and large bets are being laid, he seems regardless about the result of the game—for this night only, since it has never been so before. His air is at times abstracted—more than ever after hearing that name—while he deals out the cards carelessly, once, or twice, making mistakes. But as these have been trifling, and readily rectified, the players around the table have taken no particular notice of them. Nor yet of his abstraction. It is not sufficiently manifest to attract attention; and with the wonderful command he has over himself, none of them suspect that he is, at that moment, a prey to reflections of the strongest and bitterest kind.

There is one, however, who is aware of it, knowing the cause; this, a man seated on the players' side of the table, and directly opposite the dealer. He is a personage of somewhat spare frame, a little below medium height, of swarth complexion, and straight black hair; to all appearance a *native* Californian, though not wearing the native costume, but simply a suit of black broadcloth. He lays his bets, staking large sums, apparently indifferent as to the result, while at the same time eyeing the deposits of the other players with eager nervous anxiety, as though their losses and gains concerned him more than his own—the former, to all appearance, gladdening him, the latter troubling him! His behavior might be deemed strange, and doubtless would, were there any one to observe it. But there is not; each player is absorbed in his own play, and the calculation of chances. In addition to watching his fellow-gamesters around the table, this eccentric individual ever and anon turns his eye upon the dealer—its expression at such times being that of intense earnestness, with something that resembles reproof—as though annoyed by the latter handling his cards so carelessly, and would sharply rebuke him, if he could get the opportunity without being observed. The secret of the whole matter being, that he is a sleeping-partner in the Monte bank—the moneyed one too; most of its capital having been supplied by him. Hence his indifference to the fate of his own stakes—for winning or losing is all the same to him—and his anxiety about those of the general circle of players. His partnership is not suspected; or, if so, only by the initiated. Although sitting face to face with the dealer, no sign of recognition passes between them, nor is any speech exchanged. They seem to have no acquaintance with one another, beyond that begot out of the game. And so the play proceeds, amidst the clinking of coin, and clattering of ivory pieces, these monotonous sounds diversified by the calls "Soto" this, and "Caballo" that, with now and then a "Carajo!" or it may be "Just my luck!" from the lips of some mortified loser. But, beyond such slight ebullition ill-temper does not show itself, or, at all events, does not lead to any altercation with the dealer. That would be dangerous, as all are aware. On the table, close to his right elbow, rests a double-barrelled pistol, both barrels of which are loaded. And though no one takes particular notice of it, any more than if it were a pair of snuffers on their tray, or one of the ordinary implements of the game, all know well enough that he who keeps this standing symbol of menace before their eyes, is prepared to use it on provocation.

It is ten o'clock, and the bank is in full blast. Up to this hour the players in one thin row around the tables were staking only a few dollars at a time—as skirmishers in advance of the main army, firing stray shots from pieces of light calibre. Now the heavy artillery has come up, the ranks have filled, and the files become doubled around the different tables—two rows of players, in places three, engaging in the game. And instead of silver dollars, gold eagles and doubloons—the last being the great guns—are flung down upon the green baize, with a rattle continuous as the firing of musketry. The battle of the night has begun.

But Monte and Faro are not the only attractions of the El Dorado. The shrine of Bacchus—its drinking-bar—has its worshippers as well, a score of them standing in front of it, with others constantly coming and going. Among the latest arrivals are two young men in the attire of navy officers. At a distance it is not easy to distinguish the naval uniforms of nations—almost universally dark blue, with gold bands and buttons. More especially is it difficult when these are of the two cognate branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race—English and American.

While still upon the street, the officers in question might have been taken for either; but once within the saloon, and under the light of its numerous lamps, the special insignia on their caps proclaim them as belonging to a British man-of-war. And so do they, since they are Edward Crozier and Willie Cadwallader.

They have entered without any definite design, further than, as Crozier said, to "have a shot at the tiger." Besides, as they have been told, a night in San Francisco would not be complete without a look in at El Dorado.

Soon as inside the saloon, they step towards its drinking-bar, Crozier saying:

"Come, Cad, let's do some sparkling."

"All right," responds the descendant of the Cymri, his face already a little flushed with what they have had at the *Parker*.

"Pint bottle of champagne!" calls Crozier.

"We've no pints here," saucily responds the bar-keeper, a gentleman in shirt sleeves, with gold buckles on his embroidered braces—too grand to append the courtesy of 'sir.' "Nothing less than quarts," he deigns to add.

"A quart bottle, then," cries Crozier, tossing down a doubloon to pay for it. "A gallon, if you'll only have the goodness to give it us."

The sight of the gold coin, with a closer inspection of his customers, and perhaps some dread of a second sharp rejoinder, secures the attention of the dignified Californian Ganymede, who, relaxing his hauteur, condescends to serve them.

While drinking the champagne, the young officers direct their eyes towards that part of the saloon occupied by the gamesters. They see several clusters of men collected around tables, some sitting, others standing. They know what it means, and that there is Monte in their midst. Though Cadwallader has often heard of the game, he has never played it, or been a spectator to its play. Crozier, who has both seen and played it, promises to initiate him.

Tossing off their glasses, and receiving the change—not much out of a doubloon—they approach one of the Monte tables—that in the centre of the saloon, around which there are players, standing and sitting three deep. It is some time before they can squeeze through the two outside concentric rings, and get within betting distance of the table. Those already around it are not men to be pushed rudely apart, or make way for a couple of youngsters, however fine their appearance, or impatient their manner.

In the circle are officers of far higher rank than they, though belonging to a different service: naval captains and commanders, and of army men, majors, colonels—even generals. What care these for a pair of boisterous subalterns? Or what reck the rough gold-diggers, and stalwart trappers seen around the table, for any or all of them? It is a chain, however ill-assorted in its links, not to be severed *sans ceremonie;* and the young English officers must bide their time. A little patience, and their turn will come too.

Practising this, they wait for it with the best grace they can. And not very long. One after another the infatu[illegible]ed gamesters get played out; each, [illegible] as he sees his last dollar swept away [illegible] from him by the ruthless rake of [illegible] croupier; heaving a sigh, and retir[illegible] from the table; most of them wi[illegible] seeming reluctance, and looki[illegible] back as a stripped traveller at the [illegible] who has turned his pockets i[illegible] out. Soon the outer ring is br[illegible], leaving spaces between; into one of which slips Crozier, Cadwallader pressing in alongside of him. Gradually they squeeze nearer and nearer, till they are close to the table's edge.

Having at length attained a position where they can conveniently place bets, they are about plunging their hands into their pockets for the necessary stakes, when all at once the act is interrupted. The two turn towards one another, with eyes, attitude, everything expressing not only surprise, but stark, speech-depriving astonishment. For on the opposite side of the table, seated in a grand chair, presiding over the game, and dealing out cards, Crozier sees the man who has been making love to Carmen Montijo—his rival of the morning; while at the same instant Cadwallader has caught sight of his rival—the suitor of Inez Alvarez!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Industry, economy, and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one which always conduce to eventual prosperity.

RECEIPTS.

A LITTLE camphine dropped between the neck and stopper of a glass bottle will render the latter easily removed if jammed fast.

WHEN insects work on the roots of house plants put a few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water, and pour it around the roots.

TO prevent hard soap, prepared with soda, from crumbling, the bars may be dipped in a mixture of rosin soap, beef tallow and wax.

OMELETS.—Never turn an omelet while frying, as that will make it heavy and tough. When done, brown it by holding a red hot shovel or salamander close above the top.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—It is asserted that this painful disease may be cured by bathing the parts affected with oil and saltpetre—half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre in half a pint of the oil.

TO wash linen, put in the water a little dissolved pipeclay; it will give the dirtiest linens the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them more thoroughly with one half the labor, and one fourth the soap.

BUTTER is composed of fat and a little albumen. When the temperature is raised the albumen acts as a ferment and decomposes the fat, converting it into acid—butyric. This is soluble in water. No matter how rancid your butter, it may be made perfectly sweet by washing.

IF you get a fishbone in your throat, and sticking fast there, swallow an egg raw; it will be almost sure to carry down a bone easily and certainly. When, as sometimes happens by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs will neutralize the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.

CEMENT FOR RENDERING CORKS TIGHT—The corks should be brushed several times with a mixture of a solution of shellac, of the consistency of syrup, prepared by the aid of heat, and with a similar solution of caoutchouc in benzine, separately prepared; care being taken that one coat is perfectly dry before another is laid on.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM LEATHER.—Apply the white of an egg to the spot and dry in the sun, or mix two tablespoonfuls of oil of turpentine, half an ounce of mealy potatoes, and the same quantity of Durham mustard, add a little vinegar and apply the mixture, rubbing it off when dry. This preparation will improve the appearance of soiled leather-bound books.

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.—Ether, tincture of castor, tincture of opium, equal parts; mix them all together. A teaspoonful to be taken whenever the symptoms are urgent. Tincture of lobelia or ipecac is very good, when there is considerable stricture and difficulty in breathing. There are a great many remedies for this disease; a light nutritious diet is the main thing to observe, and to avoid all kinds of stimulating drinks.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MARBLE.—Make of very strong lye and unslacked lime a mortar, with which cover the stain thickly and leave it on six weeks. Wash it off perfectly clean, and rub hard with a brush dipped in a lather of soap and water. Polish with a smooth, hard brush. Or—pulverize a little stone blue with four ounces of whiting, mix them with an ounce of soda dissolved in very little water and four ounces of soft soap, boil the mixture quarter of an hour over a slow fire, stirring constantly; lay it on the marble with a brush while hot, and let it lie half an hour; wash it in warm water with flannel and scrubbing brush, and wipe it dry. When turned yellow, marble may sometimes be whitened by occasionally wetting it with weak lime-water.

THIRTEEN cents is the cost of five gallons of soft soap, made from one pound of Dobbins' Electric soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), and the soft soap will go farther than a dollar's worth of common soap. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THE Cincinnati Sixth Industrial Exhibition has cleared a profit of about nine thousand dollars.

SPECIAL orders have been given to various divisions of troops in Russia to hold themselves in readiness for active service, especially in the southern part of the empire. This looks like trouble with Turkey.

THE Russian sardine factory at Eastport, Me., is putting up 5,000 kegs of sardines a week. The steam mill at Eastport is running day and night for the past few weeks to keep up with the demand for boxes.

A MAMMOTH telescope, said to be the largest ever made, is now in process of construction at a factory near Dublin, Ireland. It is building at the order of the Austro-Hungarian Government for the new observatory at Vienna, to be finished by the autumn of 1876.

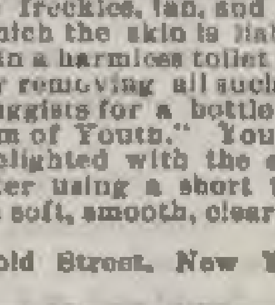
LONDON bridge has become too narrow for the immense travel upon it, and there are now plans for its widening which will increase its convenience, though they may spoil its beauty. The average number of foot passengers who cross it in a week is between 600,000 and 700,000, and of horses more than 110,000.

M. LEVERRIER has thrown a damper upon the costly astronomical expeditions to observe the transit of Venus, by asserting in a recent discussion at the French Academy that such observations are utterly useless for the determination of the sun's parallax, optical disturbances occasioned by the atmosphere of Venus making it impossible to fix the exact time of contact.

THE mayor of Lille, which "est en France," has issued the following decree: "We, the mayor of the city of Lille, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, seeing that the use of pianos and organs in places open to the public is often an incitement to dances and objectionable songs; that it keeps the artizan far from his employment, and draws together young girls * * * that the sound of this riotous music occasions a so a real annoyance to the neighbors, decree: Art. 1. From the 1st of November approaching, the use of pianos and organs is forbidden in all plac[illegible] open to the public. Art. 2. M. le comm[illegible]saire central de police is charged wit[illegible] the execution of this decree. Hotel de Vil[illegible] Oct. 18th, 1875. The mayor, Catel-Beghi[illegible]. Seen and approved by the councilor of [illegible] prefect du Nord. The secretary g[illegible]neral delegate, Capio."

To Owners of Horses [illegible]and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CON[illegible]TION POWDERS are warranted supe[illegible]tor to any others, or no pay, for the cure [illegible] Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide [illegible]Bound, Colds, etc., in Horses; and Cold[illegible] Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, H[illegible]orn Distemper, etc., in Cattle. Price, T[illegible]enty-five Cents. Depot, [illegible] Park Place, [illegible] York.



There is no Excuse

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurements which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear and radiant in beauty.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The following from Evans, the celebrated perfumer of Philadelphia

Philadelphia April 30, 1868.

Dr. Gouraud: I think your "Cream" is unquestionably the best thing in this line, from the reason when a lady once uses it she continues to use it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at Two Dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together.

T. W. EVANS.

Mr. Evans has sold out his establishment. Dr. Gouraud has no relation with his successor, nor sells him the preparations compounded by the doctor. Depot, 48 Bond Street, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4th A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Dec. 18, 1875.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.,*
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.,*
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.,*
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway,*
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.,*
J. W. Marsh, Manager.

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made arrangements with the publishers, whereby we are able to offer the Post and any of the following periodicals at a greatly reduced price from what they would cost if taken separately. The list comprises the very choicest newspapers and magazines of all classes in the country, agricultural, religious and literary, and will afford our readers the best opportunity they can obtain of securing one or more of these publications at the cheapest rates. In case two or more of these besides the Post are wanted by one person, by getting a neighbor to take the extra Post, they can be secured.

Any of the following publications will be supplied, *in connection with* The Post, on receipt of the sum named *in addition* to the regular rates given for The Post.

	Regular Price.	Our Price.
Daily Graphic, . . .	$12.00	$11.00
Littell's Living Age, .	8.00	7.00
Christian Union, . . .	3.20	2.40
Frank Leslie's Weekly,	4.00	3.20
Harper's Monthly, . .	4.00	3.00
" Weekly, . .	4.00	3.00
" Bazaar, . . .	4.00	3.00
Nation, ...	5.20	4.35
Appleton's Journal, . .	4.00	3.00
Atlantic Monthly, . .	4.00	3.00
American Agriculturist,	1.60	1.00
American Agriculturist (German Edition), .	1.60	1.00
Godey's Lady Book, .	3.15	2.50
Hearth and Home, . .	2.50	2.00
Independent, ...	3.20	2.65
N. Y. Tribune Weekly,	2.00	1.35
Scribner's Monthly, . .	4.00	3.00
Galaxy, ...	4.00	3.00
N. Y. Evening Post, .	1.50	1.00
St. Nicholas, ...	3.00	2.60
Youth's Companion, .	1.75	1.15
Floral Cabinet, . . .	1.30	1.00
Nursery, ...	1.60	1.20

The amount to be sent includes postage on both papers.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Just at this season of the year, the subject of Christmas and New Year's Presents is one that is engrossing the thoughts of almost every one, more or less, and to know just what kind of a present to make is often a matter of considerable perplexity and deliberation.

To those of our readers who may be in this dilemma, our advice would be to fix upon something that will remind the friend to whom you wish to give the present, of you every week throughout the year. What more acceptable present could we suggest than a copy of the Post for the Centennial year?

TO AGENTS.

In order to give every one a chance to work for the Saturday Evening Post who wishes to do so, without buying the $3.00 outfit, and to furnish an outfit Free to every one who will work for us, we make the following exceedingly liberal offer:

We will send a Mounted Chromo, with sample copies of paper and subscription book to any one pledging themselves to act as an Agent for the Post, on receipt of one dollar, and as soon as the names of five subscribers are sent to us, we will give credit for the dollar. Any of our General Agents will do the same, see Notice at top of this column.

HOME INFLUENCE.

Homes, which are the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad according to the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home—where head and heart bear rule wisely there—where the daily life is honest and virtuous—where the government is sensible, kind, loving—then may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, of walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

On the other hand, if surrounded by ignorance, coarseness and selfishness, they will unconsciously assume the same character, and grow up to adult years rude, uncultivated, and all the more dangerous to society if placed amidst the manifold temptations of what is called civilized life. "Give your child to be educated by a slave," said an ancient Greek, "and, instead of one slave, you will have two."

FINDING THE SUNSET.

Oh, the beautiful home of the sunset,
Hung out on the western sky,
Where the days lay down their brightness,
And bathing in splendor die!

Sweet friends in the home of our childhood,
The gentle and loving ones, stand
Gazing out as we enter Life's wildwood
In search of the Sunset Land.

Full soon do the meadows grow broader,
And rougher the path where we stray,
Less frequent the cool, gushing fountains,
And the sunset seems farther away.

And the friends who have journeyed with us
We lay with the mouldering dead;
They have reached the bright sunset before us,
And lonely the pathway we tread.

But the floods of molten glory
Which beam from the Sunset Land
Fill our hearts with a restless longing
On those beautiful shores to stand.

Our locks, once sunny and golden,
Are white as the drifting snow;
Our eyes have grown dim with their gazing,
And our footsteps are feeble and slow.

As we near the eternal splendor
We pause at a swelling stream;
We must cross it ere reaching the hill-tops
Which glow in the sunset's beam.

So, closing our eyes for a moment
In the sun's last dazzling ray,
We awake where glory dwelleth,
In a land of perpetual day.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

"He is such a good-hearted young man!" We often hear it in the street, and sometimes about those whom we know are bad-tempered.

Addison says, "that when passionate people are called good-natured, it only argues the good nature of those who so designate them." There is a very universal claim to the possession of a good heart. Men never assume a bad character, when they are forced to shift to a new one, because the old is threadbare.

Tenderness and generosity are certainly irresistibly attractive, and when practised win for their possessor the claim of having a good heart.

Redmayne who kicks up the very mischief, terrifies wife, children and servants by flying into violent fits of anger; has his breezes at breakfast and whirlwinds at dinner; who rip-raps from Dan to Bersheba, is yet considered a good-hearted man, because his wife's relations always meet a cordial reception, and an extended, charitable hand. He gives freely to public charities; his relations say he is such a love of a man; but what does his wife and children and servants think of him? His passionate bursts of anger have wounded them. Can they call it a good heart?

Mrs. Bullion is such a charming woman; such a good heart—always glad to share her hospitality, so admirable, so perfectly splendid with her set. She gives receptions to the rich and charities to the poor; her velvets and diamonds are elegant, and her carriage is magnificent. Good enough. But scarcely a mile away her daughter is married against *her* will, and is living, with the man she loves, a life of pinched poverty—a life that is a hard struggle. Creditors are in distress from her delayed payments; her equals in the social scale are mortified by the Mrs. Bullion-assumed superiority; superiors feel insulted by the great display, and all inwardly rebel against the decision they submit to.

Mrs. Bullion's home is sacrificed to a world which never can repay the cost of martyred respectability and happiness. Another earns the title by having no higher pretension than being a good neighbor, a quiet domestic creature who visits the sick, and viewing them as already dead to the things of this life, regales them with all the leading thousand and one secrets, and confidential opinions, picked up here and there in her visits, really intended to die in their birth. Their resurrection excites heart-burnings, malignities and contemptuous recollection.

This is the constant effect of good-hearted scandal-mongers, who in mere idleness of mental vacuity or from covert malevolence, scatter fire-brands, giving information like gifts, "thrice cursed," and somehow these people retain the appellation "good-hearted."

How kind and considerate of the world; so liberal in its conclusions; so little meriting the title of hard judging to which cynics condemn it—that almost every day one hears praise of good-heartedness, given even to the positive violator of legal and moral obligation. Not only the profligate spendthrift and incautious speculator, but the openly fraudulent bankrupt, "who somehow got into that little difficulty." We do so dislike to call things by their right names, and we do so like to whitewash the sins of our brother.

According to our-day-philosophy, good-hearted people are as plenty as captains, colonels and brigadier generals were just following the war, and so leveling is it, that the truly virtuous, pious, liberal and really good-hearted remain undistinguished and unthanked.

Resist the beginnings—a maxim and a text—men never do it. The little commencings are so pleasingly insidious that men never doubt their sincerity until as firmly fixed inevitable habits they fret and chafe the possessor. Then men say, "Oh, I can deliver myself of the habit whenever I think it is doing me harm." Possibly they may feel the power, but they fail to question the will. Men are oftener giants in physical muscle than children in will. True, a man may make a virtue of necessity, and strangle his physical, but if there are no other forces than mere choice, he will not do it. There is a wonderful magical force in pleasant habit, and from the moment an indulgence tickles the fancy, men form for it an attachment, and secretly determine to gratify it, and strange—but men generally cling closest to those which thrust keenest at the sensibilities of the conscience—men love to play with the inner monitor, to rasp and fret its spirit, wearying only when it hushes, or they can stead it with some flimsy cheat to slacken rein upon them and their indulgences.

* * *

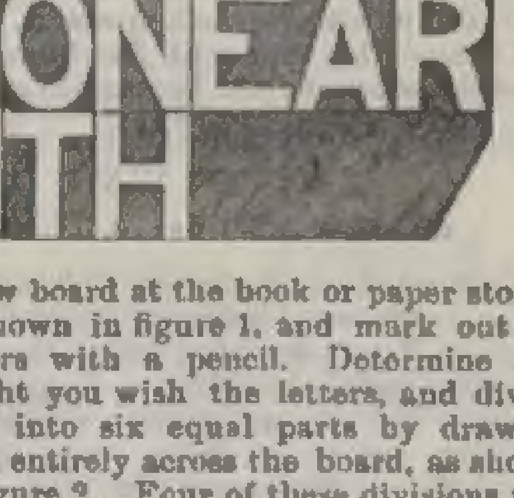
No wise person will marry for beauty mainly. It may exercise a powerful attraction in the first place, but it is found to be of comparatively little consequence afterwards. Not that beauty of person is to be underestimated, for, other things being equal, handsomeness of form and beauty of features are the outward manifestations of health. But to marry a handsome figure without character, fine features unbeautified by sentiment or good-nature, is the most deplorable of mistakes.

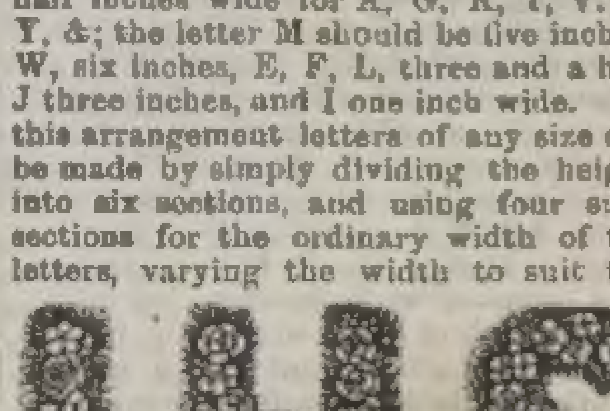
FLORAL DECORATIONS.

BY JAMES VICK.

There are times in all our lives when the heart is joyous, and its rapturous throbs make the eyes sparkle with delight and wreath the face with smiles. We delight to give expression to this joy in kind acts and pleasant words, in adorning our homes with garlands and flowers, in presenting our loved ones with bouquets and other marks of regard. The "Merry Christmas" and the "Happy New Year" are occasions which above all others must be honored, and how so innocently, so tastefully, so sweetly as with garlands of flowers? Then the church and school room must be trimmed and mottoes be made, by fingers which know nothing of the painter's art, and that have not fashioned a Roman capital since they printed letters to school mates, long, long ago. We will endeavor to show how it is done, with the aid of a few illustrations, and hope to make the subject so plain that all may understand.

Forming Letters.—The forming of letters neatly and rapidly is no mean accomplishment, and those who possess this art are almost invaluable at all festive gatherings. How beautiful the word "Welcome," on some occasions; and "Peace on Earth," will be new and glorious every Christmas. These letters are usually made of dry or Everlasting Flowers and dry moss, cedar or of other evergreens. Obtain heavy straw board at the book or paper stores, as shown in figure 1, and mark out the letters with a pencil. Determine the height you wish the letters, and divide that into six equal parts by drawing lines entirely across the board, as shown in figure 2. Four of these divisions will be a good proportion for the width of most letters, as seen by the same figure. The few letters that vary from this can be correctly made by the following arrangement. Suppose the letters are six inches high, then four inches would be the proper width for B, C, D, H, N, O, P, Q, R, S, U, Z; four and a half inches wide for A, G, K, T, V, X, Y, &; the letter M should be five inches, W, six inches, E, F, L, three and a half J three inches, and I one inch wide. By this arrangement letters of any size can be made by simply dividing the height into six sections, and using four such sections for the ordinary width of the letters, varying the width to suit the other letters, as already shown, and always making the letters one section in thickness. (See engraving No. 2.) Letters made by this rule look rather thin, but when covered with flowers or evergreens they are just what is wanted. The letters being cut from the straw-board with a sharp knife or strong shears, are ready to be covered. This can be done by tying with dark thread, small branches of evergreens over the face of the board, with a few Everlasting Flowers of bright berries to relieve the sombre color. Better letters, however, can be made with dry moss and Everlasting Flowers, as shown in figure 3. Tie the moss over the face of the letter as evenly as possible, then cut the stems of the flowers short, leaving only about half an inch. Dip the stem in a little paste, and insert it in the moss, and when dry it will remain secure. We have made very pretty letters by covering the board with Gomphrenas, secured by gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. There are still other ways of forming letters, w we will briefly describe for the bs of our readers, to whom they may bw, by illuminating colors, the use oper rosettes, and of rice.





First about illuminating, onlyfew general hints will be necessaryup-posing you intend to make the le in gold, and wish the ground to be ed, then the letters should be outlin black; if you would reverse the agement, separate the letters frohe ground by an edging of darker cc

Dark letters on a light ground ire to be outlined with a darker tintolored letters on a ground of conting color should be separated frohe ground by an edging of lighter co

These few terse rules may be service, for to a novice the art of illuting is rather bewildering, for thect cannot be told until it is too late ter any mistake in the choice of colond we are all so busy at this season the have absolutely no time to study art very attentively.

The second mode of spelling our good wishes to all mankind, is byning the letters of paper rosettes. ke a piece of twilled red cotton, andce plain unornamental letters upon iid then fasten on the rosettes at regular intervals.

These rosettes want dainty fingto make them, but if they are neatlyconstructed the effect is really exct; and there is considerable choice atamand, for the letters may be mato look as of ivory or carved oak, of or or gold; but for this special object y letters on a red ground, borderedh laurel leaves, appear the best.

Long ago rice was used in imitatif carved ivory, and it is by no mea despicable device, and one whichll serve in good stead if you are nm adept in rosette work. Cut out p letters in cardboard, of such a widtht two grains of rice placed end to diagonally, will cover it. The grained Carolina rice is the kind yoquire. Wash it several times, butt so as to soften it, then rub it dry a towel, and, aided by a knitting-pin,t on the grains end to end, diagonalh such close succession as will entirely a the cardboard framework. Very stq gum is needed to make the rice adh

The letters are fastened on to a grou work of red baize, and here again a dering of leaves of ivy, laurel, or will give the required finish to the wh

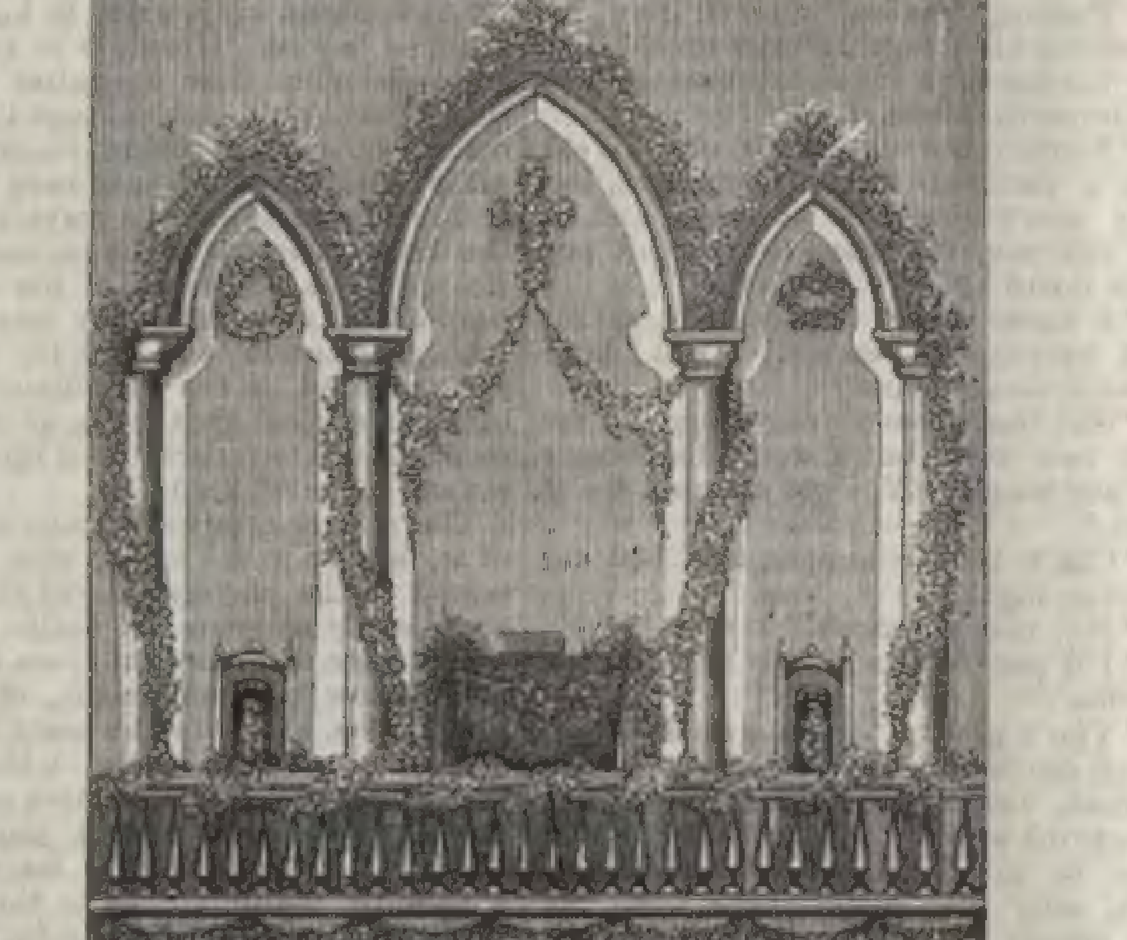
For the Church.—All church de ration should be neat and simple. better to have too little than too mu The church should not be made to semble a vast conservatory nor an ev green bower, but should appear lik church tastefully decorated in honor Him whose temple it is. The wrea should not be large and heavy, as t gives a gloomy appearance, but light a airy, and a few flowers or bright berr have an enlivening effect, especially the evergreens are dark, as our arbor tæs and hemlocks are in winter.

Most ladies, we presume, understa the making of wreaths. Procure stro cord, and fasten both ends to some st tionary objects. Then, having the eve greens cut into small branches, faste them to the main cord by winding wit a smaller twine, working in the flowe at the same time. Crosses and othe designs can be made of straw board an covered as previously described. A fe short Scripture passages are always ap propriate. To show our ideas of churc trimming we give the accompanying en graving of one that is decorated in a wa that we think would be pleasing to al most every one. No one will, perhaps desire to copy it entire, and yet it ma be suggestive of something better.

In lieu of wreaths, which are some times too heavy and cumbrous a style o decoration, long tendrils of ivy twine round or trained along look light an elegant; a good substitute will also b found in bands formed of leaves only stripped from the stalk. We grant tha the sewing on of each separate leaf is severe trial of patience, especially if thos selected are the prickly holly, whos points invariably catch the thread ever time the needle draws it through; or th diminutive box, which seems to retain our work by the minuteness of its fellows.

The leaves are sewed on to strips of Turkey red cotton, or white calico, and serve either as a paneling tracery, or as a frame or bordering for various devices.

Next week we shall continue this subject, and give some illustrations and suggestions for Home Decorations for Christmas, diverging somewhat from the old-fashioned ways, and introducing a few improvements and a little variety.



CHURCH DECORATION.

Stanley seems likely to accomplish what Livingstone lived and died for in vain. He sails everywhere upon Lake Nyanza, the inland sea at which Livingstone could only gaze. He has discovered that instead of being five lakes as Livingstone reported, it is but one, fed by extensive systems of water courses, dotted with islands, and the banks inhabited by numerous savage tribes. The king of one of them which is supposed to number two million natives, has honored him with a naval review on the lake of eighty-four canoes, manned by 2,500 men. He has found the true source of the Nile, of whose waters Livingstone never saw a drop, in the river Shemeyn, thus interpreting and completing the discoveries of Speke and Baker. This bold American, whose expedition is the result of newspaper enterprise, thus promises to do in two years as much for geographical knowledge as the Scotch missionary did in his whole life.

* * *

Comparatively few are destroyed by outrageous and flaming vices, such as blasphemy, theft, drunkenness or uncleanness; but crowds are perishing by that deadly smoke of indifference which casts the shifting clouds of carelessness around them.

* * *

The man who will not work, and has no means of intellectual pleasure, is as sure to become an instrument of evil as if he had sold himself bodily to Satan.

OUR WORLD, AND WHAT IT IS COMPOSED OF.

Owing to the indefatigable investigation of the analytical chemists, and to their zeal in the cause of science, there is scarcely a substance in the world that has not passed through the ordeal of their crucibles and test tubes. From them we learn that our world is made up of but comparatively few substances; so few indeed, that we are struck with wonder and astonishment when we consider the innumerable variety of form and character into which those elements are capable of being moulded. We have all the animate and inanimate creation, the plants, the animals; we have the rocks, the earths, the air and water, in their endless variety; and yet the substances of which they are composed do not exceed sixty. On closer examination our wonder increases as we learn that of these elements no less than forty-six are metals, in the ordinary sense of the word; five are gaseous bodies, like the air—which indeed consists of two gases out of these five; and the remainder are substances of an intermediate character, of which sulphur and charcoal are the types. Therefore everything that we can see or touch pertaining to our world is composed of one, two, or more of these sixty elements. We know of no one substance that contains more than six of these elements; and in a general way there are rarely more than two or three, blended together to produce one result. Thus, the white of an egg is made of six elements; a flint stone of only two; a piece of wood consists of three elements. These three materials are the types of the portions of the world to which they belong. Though one stone differs from another stone, and one wood from another wood, and one flesh from another flesh, yet their composition is similar, and of nearly the same elements. It is the nature, quality, and property of these several elements that constitute the study of chemistry,—not medicine, for that is but a mere branch of chemistry—the composition of all things. By analogy, the analytical chemist can state with certainty the principal qualities and composition of everything placed in his hands, what use to make of it, and how it is to be applied for the welfare and benefit of his fellow man.

THE DYING LIONESS.

During the Centennial Exhibition, one of the finest and most imposing pieces of sculpture ever seen in this country, a bronze group entitled "The Dying Lioness," will be placed in the Art Gallery, where it will doubtless attract considerable notice. It was modelled by Professor Wolf, of Berlin, a sculptor of world-wide reputation, and was exhibited at the Vienna Exposition in 1873, where it attracted much attention and was awarded the first prize. A casting in bronze was then made by Von Miller, of Munich, for the Imperial Gardens at Berlin, the Emperor having purchased it himself from the sculptor. A duplicate of this was made by special permission of Kaiser Wilhelm for the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia, and this copy is now on exhibition in Earle's Galleries in Philadelphia, and will be, as we have just said, placed in the Art Gallery next year.

The lioness is represented stretched upon the ground in the last throes of death, a huge arrow having penetrated her body just back of the left shoulder-blade. This has apparently paralyzed the fore-leg, which is contracted as if the beast was suffering intense pain, while the remainder of the body lies limp and nerveless. A wonderful contrast to this is the attitude of the lion who stands above the body of his mate, breathing vengeance and defiance at the retreating hunters, while every nerve and muscle is strained to its utmost tension. The bristling mane and erect ears show that every instinct is devoted to anger and revenge, while he lashes his tail with rage. The young cubs, unconscious of their mother's suffering, are gambolling over her body, true to their natural instincts.

The figure of the lion is 62 inches high, or 46 inches to the top of the shoulder. It measures 132 inches from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, and has a girth of 53 inches around the body. The entire weight of the group is about four tons.

The effect of the whole group is dramatic and impressive in the extreme, while undoubtedly natural.

A very ludicrous incident connected with the exhibition of the group was the receipt of a letter from an unsophisticated individual residing somewhere in the outskirts of the city. After setting forth that he had heard Mr. Earle was in possession of a dying lioness which would probably be dead by the time his missive was received, he offered to stuff the animal in the most life-like manner with a patent preparation of his own. This was at first regarded as a hoax, but on the following morning the amateur taxidermist entered the gallery with a huge can under his arm containing his "preparation." After a hearty laugh all round he was shown the group and requested to try his skill, when he sidled out with a rueful look, scratching his head and remarking:

"Darn it, I didn't know it was a brass lion ye had."

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US.

From Isaac N. Leech, Lambertville, N. J.

Dear friends: I enclose in this $3.50 to pay for the Post for 1876, and for the Chromo, "De Soto," mounted. I had thought of stopping my subscription, owing to hard times, but I could not do without it. My grandfather took the Post from its very start, my father continued to take it while he lived, and I have taken it since his death, so that it really is an old friend, and it would go hard with me to part with it now.

From Mrs. Mary E. Kail, Leesville, Ohio.

I value the Saturday Evening Post as one of the very best literary weeklies now before the public.

From T. C. Harbaugh, Troy, Ohio.

The magnificent Chromo of "De Soto" which you sent has arrived. Such a picture must increase your subscription list greatly, as it is of historical value, and the finest Premium Chromo I have ever yet seen.

From H. B. L., Hornellsville, N. Y.

It is with extreme pleasure I write to inform you of the safe arrival of your beautiful Chromo. My wife is delighted with it, and also with the Post, and you can put us down as life subscribers. Your chromo is by far the finest, both in subject and execution, that I have ever seen.

Industry, economy, and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one which always conduce to eventual prosperity.

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. T. Winans, of Baltimore, is having built for his private residence the largest organ in America.

Ole Bull is making an extended European tour. He has been asked by the Khedive to fiddle at the Pyramids.

Prince Bismarck is in ill health and wishes to retire, but the Emperor considers it impossible to supply his place.

Colonel Valentine Baker is occupying his time in prison in writing an account of his travels in Central Asia.

Verdi, the musical composer, is now a member of the Italian Senate. This changes his work from *making* to *taking* notes.

The father of Mr. Sankey, the revival singer, resides in New Castle, Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, and has been a member of the Legislature and Collector of Internal Revenue.

Prof. John Wise completed his 454th balloon ascension October 30th. He started from Louisiana, Mo., traveling fifty miles in fifty minutes, alighting in the tree-tops and losing his balloon, "The Century."

Miss Emily Faithfull is in England now, advising young ladies not to marry until they are at least twenty-five years old. She doesn't add, as the old lady did, "unless you get a good chance."

The two great express companies of the United States, the Adams and the American, employ about 8,000 men, 1,900 horses, 1,200 wagons, and use 3,600 iron safes. Their agents travel more than 100,000 miles daily, or more than 32,000,000 miles annually.

The Dying Bird of Song.—Jenny Lind Goldsmidt is said to be breaking down fast. The notes that trilled from the young throat at Castle Garden have long since faded into a sad echo of melody, and the fine, lithe woman is but the shadow of her former self.

"Coal Oil Johnny," instead of working as a laboring man on a railroad, is at present building a fence around a two hundred-acre farm which he lately purchased in California. He saved $15,000 out of the general wreck, and "Johnny" has become a stranger, and is doing well.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson is acting in "Rip Van Winkle" at the Princess Theatre in London, where he has been enthusiastically received. Mr. Sothern is going to Ireland before the close of the month to play for a fortnight at Dublin and for a fortnight at Belfast.

Tastes of Genius.—Disraeli has his study in an attic at his country seat. The room is very plainly furnished. Here the premier author does his work in the midst of miscellaneous confusion. Eugene Sue wrote in a splendid apartment, and with hands encased in white kid gloves. Posterity will remember the British-Hebrew when the daintier Gaul is forgotten.

Victor Hugo has just published a new edition of his speeches in the French Assembly, and an unfriendly critic has been comparing them with the original reports in the Paris papers. He finds that where the reports indicate only a silent reception of the orator's words, the new edition contains annotations like these: "Laughter of approval," "Profound silence," "Deep emotion," "Explosion of applause," "A thrill passed through the Chamber." We have known this thing to be done in America.

General Jubal A. Early, President of the Southern Historical Society, says that the association possesses a nearly complete set of all the reports printed by the Confederate departments, including the President's messages, reports of battles, acts of the Confederate Congress and State Governments, etc. It has also a full set of manuscript reports of General Longstreet's corps, the papers of General J. E. B. Stewart, all of General Ewell's reports, a full set of papers of General S. D. Lee's corps, and many other valuable reports of Confederate officers, besides a number of Federal official reports.

It will be remembered that the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who for several years was a *flaneur* of Paris, and whose *rouge* and diamonds rendered him an object of curiosity to the multitude, willed all his property to the town of Geneva. The will has been disputed by his heirs, foremost among them the Viscount de Cibry, who has consulted the most eminent lawyers of Europe on the case, which comes on shortly for trial, and which cannot fail to excite considerable interest. What, however, may interfere with the impartial administration of justice is the fact that judges and clients are Swiss.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Jacques Offenbach is coming over next year to direct the Philadelphia Centennial concerts. He has frequently proposed coming to America, but when the time of departure came as Offen-backed out on account of his dread of sea-sickness.

The list of the German exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia numbers eleven hundred and forty. The presidents of the provinces, at the suggestion of the Empress, are collecting all articles connected with the treatment of the wounded in time of war. They will be exhibited together. One of the objects of interest will be a complete train fitted out expressly to transport the sick and wounded.

The American District Telegraph Company will have offices on the Centennial grounds, and a full corps of messengers to deliver packages, notes, etc., to all parts of the city. In addition, they have also established a "Corps of Guides" to guide strangers over the Centennial grounds and to all places of note throughout the city. These guides will be men of character and respectability, and strangers need have no hesitation in placing themselves under the guidance of this corps.

A large number of orders and fraternities have signified their intention to hold gatherings at Philadelphia during the period of the exhibition. Among those which may now be enumerated, are the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Grand Encampment, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Grand Lodge, United States, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Grand Commandery Knights Templar; Grand Army of the Republic; Presbyterian Synod; Caledonian Club; Portland Mechanic Blues; Welsh National Eistedfodd; Patriotic Order Sons of America; California Zouaves of San Francisco; an International Regatta; the Life Insurance Companies; National Board of Underwriters; State Agricultural Society; 2d Infantry, N. G. of California; Philadelphia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church; Cincinnati Society; California Pioneer Society; American Dental Convention; Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; Independent Order of B'nai Berith; National Alumni Association; Salesmen's Association; 5th Maryland Regiment; American Pomological Society; Maltster's Association of the United States; Army of the Cumberland; Humboldt Monument Association; Christopher Columbus Monument Association; Board of Trade Convention; International Typographical Congress; Rifle Association of the United States; Centennial Legion; Philadelphia County Medical Society; International Medical Congress; Old Volunteer Fire Department of Philadelphia.

It is proposed by the Women's Centennial Executive Committee to issue for the International Exhibition a national cookery book. It is designed to make it purely American, and the committee call upon the ladies in the different States and Territories to send in their receipts. It is intended to publish about twenty from each State and Territory. Contributions are requested without delay. No receipt will be considered too homely, if characteristic of the country. Dishes peculiar to rich and poor—to hunting, fishing, or exploring expeditions, or to camp life, etc., etc., are desired. If comical, and at the same time good, so much the better. The aim is to give the true savor of American life in all its varieties; also short biographical sketches of eminent women of the United States are to be collected in one volume. In order to obtain a definite idea of the charitable institutions carried on by women, photographs of these institutions, with a short account of the same, are respectfully solicited from the women conducting such institutions in foreign countries, as well as in America. An addition to the building will be prepared for educational purposes; the Kindergarten, object teaching and any other branches of education for which women are especially adapted will be here exhibited. The committee announce with great gratification that besides providing for the erection of their own department contributions have been received from the women of the country to the funds of the general exhibition amounting to $95,140. As the object of the Woman's Department is the exhibition of the highest type of women's work, and also to point out avenues of usefulness and profit not generally known, it is proposed to confine the exhibits in a great measure to representations of sculpture, painting, literature, engravings, telegraphy, lithography, education, inventions of all kinds, etc.; a classification which, omitting women's clothing in all its branches, gives place to the finer kinds of needlework, lacework, etc., thus leaving the larger portion of the building for the exhibition of the useful arts.

OUR
BOYS
&
GIRLS

HOW JOHNNY KILLED THE LION.

BY MRS. SARAH F. E. HATHORN.

Johnny was going into the country to spend the summer at Grandpa Street's. Aunt Kate was going, too; her great Saratoga was packed and stood in the hall with Johnny's little valise beside it, all ready for a hack.

It was their last breakfast at home, the girls had fluttered away from the table as soon as possible. Papa and Frank had gone down town, promising to send up a hack at ten o'clock. Mamma and Aunt Kate were confabulating in the back parlor, and Uncle Rob was lingering over his coffee and newspaper. Johnny was always friendly to buttered toast, so he kept Uncle Rob company.

Uncle Rob looked like a grizzly bear, but his eyes were as blue and mild as a baby's; he had been to sea so long that a "yarn" or a "fish story" would not stick in his throat in the least.

"Well, John," said he, laying down his paper, "you'll have to get you a revolver if you are going down to your grandfather's this summer; for the newspaper says—and it never lies—that bears are so plenty in B—— that they browse around the gardens nights, and carry small boys off almost every day."

"O-h! Uncle Rob!"

"Fact, sir! you can see for yourself," offering him the paper as solemn as a judge. "You'd better go well armed, young man. If you should kill a bear, lion, or a loup-cervier, you'd get in the papers, perhaps. Why, you would be a hero, wouldn't you?"

Naughty Uncle Rob! Johnny was suitably impressed with his advice. If his uncle had only known the mischief he was doing.

Half an hour later Johnny tip-toed up the back stairs when Bridget's back was turned; creep, creep he went, as still as a mouse, into Frank's chamber. Opening one of the bureau drawers, he confiscated his brother's silver-plated revolver. Frank wouldn't care, besides didn't Uncle Rob just the same as tell him to get it?

"If I could kill a lion or something, 'twould beat Frank all holler!" thought Master Johnny, as he hid the revolver in the bottom of his little valise.

In due time Aunt Kate with her frizzles and flounces, and Johnny with his bright eyes and precious valise, clasped tightly in his chubby hand, arrived at Grandpa Street's roomy, hospitable farm house.

It was just blue berry time, and Scotto Blair came over to invite the little stranger to go with him. He proposed carrying a lunch, and spending the day on the Hill. Aunt Kate was quite willing. Johnny was willing, too; and Grandma Street filled his lunch box with cookies, gingerbread and cheese. He began to think of Frank's pistol, with its neat stock and polished steel barrel; this was just the time to carry it in the inside pocket of his little blue jacket.

Scotto was a short, little fellow with a big head and a speckled face. He and Johnny trudged along in a sociable manner. Scotto told marvelous stories about the wonders of the woods and shining pond.

"Are there any bears around here?" asked Johnny, broaching the subject so near his heart.

"I never saw any," said Scotto, almost ashamed to own it; "but," brightening up a little, "Captain Crowell saw bear tracks in his back yard t'other night. I wish I'd been there, by George, I'd a killed him, sur!"

"What with?" asked Johnny; "you haven't got a pistol, have you?"

"Oh, no," hesitatingly. "I could bang his brains out with a club, I guess."

"No, you couldn't either!" and Johnny proudly showed Scotto the handsome weapon hid away in his pocket.

Lunch time came early, although the little baskets contained but few berries. Scotto thought he never tasted such nice cookies before; but perhaps the handsome lunch box, with its bright, gold-colored edges had something to do with it.

Suddenly a horrible sound broke on the stillness of the spot; it was a low, deep roar, coming nearer and nearer every moment. Scotto knew what it was, but he hopped up briskly and cried:

"Gorry, there's a lion!"

A lion! Here was the opportunity Johnny had coveted; he forgot his geography and everything else. He had been looking for a bear, and here was a lion.

Scotto climbed a tree, and invited Johnny to join him; but crash, crash went the bushes, and a huge, dark object appeared over the hill.

"By Jove, it's a buffalur!" cried Scotto, from his safe retreat. "He'll kill you—come up here, I tell you!"

But Johnny had no idea of showing the white feather, and taking good aim he fired. Poor little fellow! he sank down on the ground as white as a sheet when the great creature swayed from side to side dizzily, and then fell heavily to the ground.

"By gorry, you've killed Captain Crowell's Durham!" screamed Scotto.

It was too true. Johnny had killed an animal of considerable value, whose name was on record—a regular thoroughbred.

Johnny got in the papers, as Uncle Rob prophesied, and papa had a pretty little bill to settle with the indignant Captain.

Uncle Rob *ought* to have been ashamed of himself, but he wasn't. And Johnny was quite a hero, after all, although he got tired of hearing of "the lion he killed that summer down in B——."

—*Portland Transcript.*

* * *

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience! There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like his. To feel that we have omitted no ust act, and left no obligation unfulfilled ills the heart with satisfaction and the oul with strength. Conscience, it is aid, makes cowards of us all—but only owards when it reproaches us with ome unmanliness, some shrinking from ruth and right, and the commission of ame wrong.

LIFT UP YOUR BROWS.

BY CATHARINE FILER-WENTWORTH.

Lift up your brows, O lily!
White as the snows of Alpine mountains' crown,
Pure as the foaming cataract leaping down
To wake the dreams of valleys lone and stilly.
Lift up your brows, O lily!

What though the winds may beat,
Sway you, and rock you like a storm-swept sea?
You bend before their fury tranquilly—
Yea, in humility do kiss their feet,
And rise with strength replete.

Lift up your heart, O brother!
Strong with the strength of purpose high, arise,
Prayer burning in your soul as in your eyes,
A steady fire, whose light no fate may smother;
Lift up your heart, O brother!

What though the winds may beat,
Sway you, and smite you like an ocean wide,
Thwart which the whirlwind of a life may stride?
Turn, trusting in His will, to Jesus' feet,
And rise with strength replete.

* * *

KATY DID FIND THE BEAR'S HOUSE.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

"Where you doin, Tousin Taty?" piped a tow-headed urchin, as he hung upon the gate, beside which stood a handsome horse, whose flashing eyes, small, nervous ears, and restless motions, spoke as plainly as words his impatience to be going. His chestnut coat was like satin; dark in the shade, but with a golden glint in the sun.

"Tousin Taty," came sweeping down the path, in trailing habit, high hat and riding gloves, and giving the tow-head, a tweak of the nose and a kiss, replied mischievously, "Doin to'e woods to find's Bear's House."

"Don't go far, Katy," called the mother of the urchin, from the house door. "These Jersey woods, roads are all alike, and you are a perfect stranger, you know, and it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to get lost. And if you should, you might ride for hours, without seeing a house or any person to direct you home."

"Oh, there's not a bit of danger, aunty. If I should get lost, which I don't propose to do, the horse won't. He'll bring me back all right. Won't you old fellow?"—stooping from her saddle and patting his glossy neck. "You'll not see me again till tea time, mind that," she shouted back, as she cantered gaily away.

There was a hint of rain in the soft moist October air, and in the light clouds that at times hid the face of the sun; but to Katy, fresh from the prairie countries of the west, there was something so new, and delicious, and alluring in the shadowy stillness of the pines, their murmurous whispering, and spicy breath, that she rode on and on, oblivious alike of time and distance; now threading some old unused "wood road," a winding avenue, shut in overhead by interlacing branches, and carpeted underfoot with the "needles" of the pine, and now, emerging suddenly into a grassy opening—once a cultivated field—with the remains of a human habitation yet visible—a heap of broken bricks, an old well, an apple tree or two, and a clump of sweet briar—and then plunging again into the pleasing gloom of the pines. Once or twice she passed a house, with a few sandy fields about it, and ragged sunburnt children playing upon the roadside.

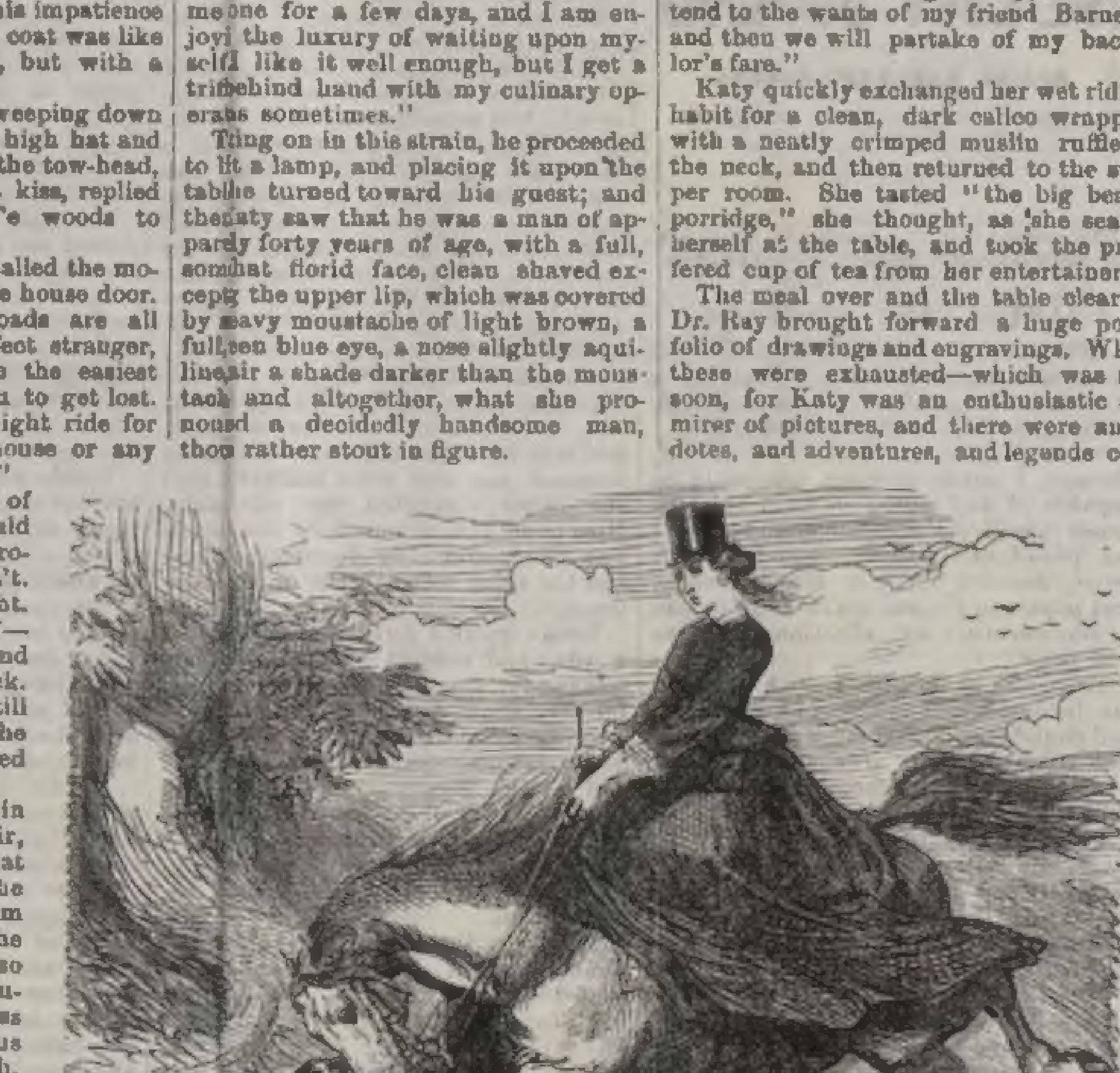
She bethought herself at last, to look at her watch, and was thunderstruck to find that she had been out two hours, and that it was past four o'clock. Her aunt's tea hour was five, so quickly turning her horse's head, she gave him the rein and began retracing her steps, chiding herself severely for the anxiety which her long absence would cause her aunt.

"Come, Barney, my lad!" said she, "let us get home, now, as quickly as we can. We'll leave the bear's house till another time. It was your part of the contract to take me home, you remember; so the responsibility of our getting there safely, rests entirely upon you. I wash my hands of the affair altogether."

And well she might, for she was perfectly at a loss herself as to the direction, even, she ought to take; for, during the last hour, the clouds had been gradually thickening, so that now the sun was totally obscured. After riding half an hour or so, she began to suspect that they were not upon the road over which they had just past. She soon became assured of it. "But what of that?" she reasoned. "There are so many roads, and they all run into or cross each other, sometime or other. It's all right, I dare say, Barney knows, of course; and we'll be home all in good time yet—and none too soon either;" she added, glancing up at the clouds, "for it will rain within half an hour, or I'm mistaken."

Another half hour of brisk riding, and still no familiar landmark appeared. Kate's dark brown eyes widened a little with the uncertainty of the situation, but she was not in the least dismayed. She had long ago, by her ready wit, presence of mind, under difficulties, and ability to "take care of herself," earned the sobriquet among her friends, of "Kate the Dauntless;" and now, although she realized that she had been guilty of a very foolish thing in thus venturing into a strange country, trusting to the sagacity of her horse, to guide her back, still, she felt no fear, and even thought she should rather enjoy an adventure of some kind, one that she could afterward relate—so that it did not prove of too serious a nature. So she dashed boldly on, wherever Barney's inclination directed. It was near sunset, when they merged into a well traveled, but rather narrow and sandy roadway. Here Barney halted, raised his head and gave voice to a loud and joyful neigh, and then dashed off along the sandy track at the very top of his speed.

"Good!" ejaculated Katy, thinking they were nearly home at last; but what was her surprise, when in about ten minutes time, she suddenly found herself at the edge of a considerable clearing, where in the gathering dusk, she distinguished what she took to be a saw-mill, and at a little distance, two or three dwelling houses. Before she had hardly time to collect her thoughts,



SO SHE ASHED BOLDLY ON, WHEREVER BARNEY'S INCLINATION DIRECTED.

Barr had cleared the space between themd the gate of the largest of these lattwhere he proclaimed their presence another resounding neigh.

"ll done, sir!" said Katy. "You've annoced me very becomingly, I must say! And then, after waiting a few moets, she continued, suiting the action the word, "Well, as no one seems dispd to appear, I think I'll dismount and in!"

S knocked twice or thrice at the opedoor, and receiving no answer, stepd inside out of the rain, whispering herself as she did so, "And the oldars were not at home!"

Supper table, neatly laid for one pen, stood in the middle of the room, andt one side there was a parlor org open and with a variety of sheet mu scattered over the keys. Katy waszed with an insane desire to seat her and play a tune; but before she hadne to do so wild a thing, she heard a sng springing step outside, a glad whey from Barney, and a cheery "Ho old fellow! You here?" in reply." By and by the old bears came ho" thought Katy, and smiled, as a porfigure darkened the doorway, and theme cheery voice that had greeted Bary, said, "Good evening! I supposhere's some one here—it's too darto see. I'll have a light directly. I'vest been out to get my daily allowancef milk. My housekeeper has left meone for a few days, and I am enjoyi the luxury of waiting upon myselfI like it well enough, but I get a trifbehind hand with my culinary operabs sometimes."

Tting on in this strain, he proceeded to lit a lamp, and placing it upon the tablhe turned toward his guest; and thenaty saw that he was a man of appardy forty years of age, with a full, somhat florid face, clean shaved excepg the upper lip, which was covered by avy moustache of light brown, a fulleen blue eye, a nose slightly aquilinesir a shade darker than the moustach and altogether, what she pronoud a decidedly handsome man, thou rather stout in figure.

A ight shadow of surprise crossed his facet encountering a lady and a stranger. Surprise, however, quite unmixed withdispleasure; and surely the man musbe a misanthrope past salvation, whoould feel displeasure at sight of Katy bright dark face; at this time, flushd and eager, with a dash of anxiety, mbarrassment and fun visible in the bwn eyes and fine mobile features.

Lifng his hat, he bowed, and then hasti bringing forward a chair, asked her tbe seated.

"Tanks, no," she replied, and then in a iw words made him acquainted withr situation, adding: "I trusted to Baey there to take me home, and he habrought me here instead. Could you dige me by sending some one to guideme to my uncle's, Mr. William Dare"

"R. Dare's! To-night!" exclaimed the gatleman, whose name, by the way, was ir. Ray—Katy learned it later—"Doou realize, young lady, that you are fieen miles from Mr. Dare's, and that lis raining unlimited numbers of thoseraditional cats and dogs, and will contise to do so all night, probably."

"Fieen miles!" echoed Katy, aghast. "Wht will aunty think has become of me? hat unprincipled brute must have cometraight here."

"Dubtless he did," was the reply. "He as the bad taste to prefer his old maste to his new one. I sold him to Mr. Dare a year ago or so, and he takes everypportunity that offers to pay me a visi Hear the rascal whinney—"

"Ecuse me, interrupted Katy, "but I mus return instantly. Is there some one wom you can send with me?"

"Crtainly, if your going to-night is inevitble. I will go myself—there is no one ele I would like to send. But my advic is, that you content yourself to remai here until morning. Your uncle's pople are well aware of Barney's littleweakness—strange they should not have varned you against it; they know when you are, and that you are safe, dependapon it," replied the doctor.

"But I fear," said Katy, not at all pleasd with the idea of spending the night in a strange house, alone with a strange man, though the other alternative of riding fifteen miles through the pineswith him, had less attractive featurestill. "I fear that I shall inconvenience you too much, as you are quite alone. There are other houses near, I believe, could I not be accommodated at somone of them with less trouble?"

"There is but one place in this immediate neighborhood where you could be evertolerably entertained, and that is at the house of my head sawyer—the others are rough Irish families—and unfortunatdy it would be very inconvenient if not impossible for them to take you in to-night, two of the family being dangerously ill; but there is a farm-house some twomiles further along, where no doubt you could find shelter and a welcome, and I will accompany you there with pleasure, if you persist in refusing to remain my guest; which I sincerely hope you will not do. I assure you that so far from you incommoding me you will confer a favor upon me by remaining. Our 'guest chamber' is quite at your service, or, if you prefer, you can occupy Mrs. Page's room, where, by the way, I think you can find plenty of dry clothing to take the place of those wet garments you have on. My housekeeper is one of the the neatest of old ladies, as well as the most obliging, and you need feel no hesitation in making a temporary use of anything of hers you may need."

During this speech, Katy had been closely studying the countenance of her would be host, and after it was ended, her clear penetrating gaze continued to rest there so searchingly that he could but notice it. He bore this scrutiny, which lasted for a minute or more, bravely, though he colored a little, and then laughingly asked:

"Well, do I look like a brigand?"

It was Katy's turn to blush now. She was not aware that her manner had betrayed her thoughts so completely. She hastened to atone for her rudeness by replying with genuine frankness:

"No, sir! You look like a gentleman, and I shall stay with you."

"Thank you," he replied with evident pleasure. "Well, then, allow me to show you to Mrs. Page's room, and to beg of you to make yourself quite at home there. And while you are exchanging your wet clothing for dry, I will attend to the wants of my friend Barney; and then we will partake of my bachelor's fare."

Katy quickly exchanged her wet riding habit for a clean, dark calico wrapper, with a neatly crimped muslin ruffle at the neck, and then returned to the supper room. She tasted "the big bear's porridge," she thought, as she seated herself at the table, and took the proffered cup of tea from her entertainer.

The meal over and the table cleared, Dr. Ray brought forward a huge portfolio of drawings and engravings. When these were exhausted—which was not soon, for Katy was an enthusiastic admirer of pictures, and there were anecdotes, and adventures, and legends connected with many of them, that she must hear—they turned, with one impulse to the organ. They were both thorough performers and ardent admirers of music; and as piece after piece was played and commented upon and criticized, the time went by all unheeded until twelve o'clock surprised them still at the instrument.

"I am profoundly grateful to Barney for this one evening's solid enjoyment," said the doctor, as he handed Katy her bed-room candle, and bade her good-night.

Katy's aunt and the Tow Head were waiting at the gate the next morning when she, accompanied by Dr. Ray, drew rein before it.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing Barney!" said Mrs. Dare, shaking her fist at the horse. "I called after you, Katy, to tell you of his undying affection for Doctor Ray, but couldn't make you hear. I ought to have thought of it sooner. I was a little uneasy about you, but no one else was. They all said that you were safe enough with Mrs. Page."

"For my part," said Katy, stroking Barney's glossy neck, "I don't see how anybody could bear to sell a horse that manifests so much intelligence and devotion. I'm sure I never could."

"I'd buy him back this minute," said Dr. Ray, impulsively, "If—"

He stopped quite as suddenly, looking somewhat confused at the inquiring glances bent upon him; and singularly enough, it was six months or more before he finished the sentence, although there is no doubt but that Katy guessed its purport long before that time.

For fear some of my readers do not feel sure what it was, I will report it verbatim: "If the girl he brought me one stormy night were my wife." Well, Katy is not his wife yet, but she wears his ring, and Barney will go back to his old master in a few weeks.

* * *

A great deal of the unhappiness, and much of the vice, of the world is owing to weakness and indecision of purpose—in other words, to lack of courage. Men may know what is right, and yet fail to exercise the courage to do it; they may understand the duty they have to do, but will not summon up the requisite resolution to perform it. The weak and undisciplined man is at the mercy of every temptation; he cannot say "No," but falls before it. And if his companionship be bad, he will be all the easier led away by bad example into wrong-doing. Nothing can be more certain than that the character can only be sustained and strengthened by its own energetic action. The will, which is the central force of character, must be trained to habits of decision—otherwise it will neither be able to resist evil nor to follow good. Decision gives the power of standing firmly, when to yield, however slightly, might be only the first step in a down-hill course to ruin.

* * *

HE is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

"Andrew—Mr. Marney!"

"Can I believe my senses? Is it indeed you?"

Bertha made no answer, but appeared utterly lost, stupefied at this sudden encounter.

"My darling, speak to me!" he cried, grasping her hand. It was as cold as ice, although the weather was warm; but the touch told him at last that it was flesh and blood, and not a fantasy.

"This is wonderful—miraculous?" he went on, in a dazed manner. "What a strange, unaccountable meeting! And I have been seeking you all these long, dreary months, ever since I rose from my sick-bed——"

"Have you been ill?" she asked, looking up suddenly with an express of intense sympathy.

"After your disappearance I was confined to my bed for weeks, with brain fever."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a tone of deep distress, and laying her trembling hand upon his.

"But what was the cause of your disappearance? By whom was it contrived? Where have you been all this time? What are you doing here? With whom are you staying?"

"I cannot, dare not, answer any of your questions," she answered, drawing back, and drooping her head. Then, raising it again, she exclaimed, passionately, "What cruel accident has brought about this unhappy meeting?"

"You did not wish to meet me?" he asked, in a tone of deep mortification.

"I hoped and prayed that we should never meet again," she answered, dejectedly.

"But at least you owe a duty to your parents; you should relieve them of their suspense—of their bitter anxiety," answered Andrew, coldly, although his heart was almost bursting.

"I have written to them," she answered, "but they have not replied."

"When did you write?" he asked eagerly.

"Soon after I left home."

"I did not know of that."

"Indeed!"

There was a pause, during which Andrew contemplated her with increasing anxiety.

And was this the meeting in search of which he had wasted a whole year of his life, to which he had looked forward so intensely as the highest blessing that could be bestowed upon him? How pale, how thin, how ill she looked!—and such an expression of wan, listless hopelessness was upon her countenance, that his heart, chilled for a moment, again yearned to her.

"You are ill," he said, gently. "You look as if you had suffered much."

She made no reply.

"Are you married?" he asked, presently, in a constrained voice.

"Married!" she reiterated, in a tone of great surprise. "No."

His heart leaped joyfully at that monosyllable.

"Did you leave your home of your own free will?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then replied, in an almost inaudible voice, "Yes."

"And who was the companion of your flight?" There was intense bitterness in the question.

She made no reply.

"I can tell you," he broke in, vehemently: "the dumb man who came to the inn on the previous night—the man whom I to-night watched from the Paddington railway station to this neighborhood—a villain—a scoundrel——"

"You are wrong, Mr. Marney," she interrupted, quietly. "Your accusations are false, although I confess that my conduct is open to the worst construction it is possible to put upon it."

"Then why not at once explain everything, and clear yourself?" he asked, in a mollified tone.

"I cannot."

"Oh, Bertha,"—he spoke in a low, passionate voice—"do you wish to break my heart? During all this time I have never once lost faith in you. I have believed implicitly in your purity; I have clung to the hope that you were the victim of some vile plot; that the moment I met you—for I always felt that we should meet again—you would clear away all mystery, and fully justify my confidence. This strange, inexplicable absence has not weakened my love. I love you now at this moment as deeply and passionately as when I asked you to be my wife. As your affianced husband, I have a right to ask this explanation; you will not refuse it me, Bertha, will you?"

During this dialougue, they had rambled slowly down the road, and turned into the dim quietude of De Beauvoir Square. Walking upon the side of the enclosure, they were scarcely interrupted by the presence of a single wayfarer.

Bertha hung her head, but made no reply. The night was dark and moonless, and under the shadow of the trees he could not detect the expression of her half-averted face. He mistook her silence for obduracy, and his heart was beginning to swell with indignation when he heard a low sob. Her veil was down, but a ray of light from one of the lamps falling upon it, he saw it glistening with tears.

He seized her hand.

"Oh, speak to me, darling! Explain this horrible mystery!" he cried, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

She gently withdrew her hand, and, stopping in her walk, said, "Andrew, do not let us prolong this painful scene. We must never meet again; our paths in life are different. Remember how earnestly I implored you, when we were in Cumberland, to leave me—to cast me out of your mind. I warned you that I should only bring misery into your life. Have not my words come true? Oh, how bitterly I repent my own weakness, that I yielded to your entreaties!"

"You never loved me, Bertha!" he said, bitterly.

"Heaven alone knows how dearly!" she exclaimed, her natural feelings bursting forth in spite of her. Then checking herself, she added, hurriedly, "But this is all past now. Farewell, Mr. Marney, and many you have a wife who will be worthy of you!"

Her voice trembled at those last words.

"Stay, Bertha; you shall not leave me in this way!" he exclaimed, desperately. "Tell me where you live; with whom you are staying?"

"I solemnly assure you that I am living in safety and in *honor!*" she answered, with marked emphasis. "More I cannot explain; the secret is not mine to tell. And now I implore you to let me go without further questioning, or seeking to know whither."

"Stay," said Andrew. "Promise me one thing. Should you ever require any counsel or any assistance, will you send to me first before anyone."

"Oh, willingly, willingly!" she replied, readily.

He walked across the road to a lamp, and taking a card from his pocket, wrote a few words on it. They were, "*Andrew Marney, care of James Armstrong, Esq., Russell Square, London, W. C.*" "A letter written to that address will always find me," he said:

She put the card, without looking at it, carefully away in her purse.

"Remember," he said, "I shall never relinquish my hopes."

"Do not say that," she rejoined in a distressed voice. "Believe me, they are utterly vain, and can only bring disappointment upon you. And now not another word. I must be gone."

"And are we to part thus?"

"It must be so; and if any particle of love still lingers in your heart, do not prolong this torture;" she said, looking beseechingly. "Give me your word of honor you will not follow me?"

"On condition that you solemnly pledge yourself to write to me within one month from now," he answered.

"Be it so," she answered dejectedly; "but you are bringing down misery upon your head."

He could not speak another word; but he caught her in his arms, kissed her passionately, wrung her hand, and turned away.

When he again looked round, she was out of sight.

CHAPTER X.

SHADOWS UPON THE WINDOW BLINDS.

Bertha would not have got away from Andrew Marney quite so easily, had he not been struck by a sudden idea, that is to say, by the remembrance of the address he had obtained from the ostler, and which he now firmly believed to be the house in which she also resided.

Her presence in the neighborhood, nay, in the very road to which he had been directed, decidedly pointed to such a conclusion. In endeavoring to ascertain that fact, he would not break, at least, the letter of his plighted word; and now, more convinced than ever that she was not a free agent, but was under some mysterious coercion, bound down by some wrongful oath, which influenced her thus strangely, he believed himself justified in resorting to any available means to rescue her from her present position.

Thus meditating, he walked slowly round the square, to allow her sufficient time to get the start of him, and then proceeded up Church Road, to commence the search for the house.

Yes, there it was, a dismal, mouldy-looking cottage, with iron railings and trees in a neglected patch of grass in front of it. But, unfortunately, there were three or four exactly alike. Which was the one? That was a point upon which his informant had vouchsafed no information. Again, he did not know the name of the man he sought. Here was a dilemma. But his being *dumb* would be sufficient description by which any person who knew him could recognise him.

Once or twice he walked up and down before the houses, narrowly scrutinizing them, in the hope of some accident indicating that which be sought. One was buried in total darkness, another had a light only in the kitchen; the third in the bed-room above the parlor. Somehow he was inclined to believe that this last was the one, and he gazed steadily at the window.

Presently a light appeared in the parlor—a woman's shadow crossed the blind—he felt sure it was Bertha's. With leaping heart and strained eyes he watched. It crossed again. This time there was no possibility of doubt. He caught the outline of her features. Her movements seemed to indicate agitation. He leaned over the iron railings that fenced in the grass plot, his gaze still fixed upon the white blind.

Now another shadow appeared upon it—a woman's, but not Bertha's. The gait was stooping, and the hair seemed to hang dishevelled about her shoulders. Her profile was turned towards the window, giving a sharp outline like that of an elderly person. The lips moved rapidly, the arms worked about as though she were greatly excited. He could hear the sound of a shrill voice. The second shadow was soon joined by a third. This time it was a man, with a hooked nose and a beard. He was also gesticulating violently, and moved his hands in a peculiar way, as though forming the letters of the dumb alphabet. The excitement of the two increased, and the shrill tones of the woman's voice were now quite audible, although not the words uttered.

It was with difficulty that Andrew restrained himself from rushing through the gate, and knocking at the door for admittance. But he remembered his promise to Bertha, and dared not. Unknown to him, for he was unconscious of everything save that patch of white blind and its dark shadows, an errand boy, basket upon arm, stopped to gape at the strange fantoccini pantomime. He was soon afterwards joined by a girl and then by a man.

"I should say there's a jolly row going on in there," said the latter.

Andrew turned round angrily, and seeing people around him, moved away to the opposite side of the road. Immediately afterwards the shadows disappeared, and the blind was once more a blank. Then the loungers walked on. Passing up and down, greatly excited, Andrew never took his looks off the house.

Ten minutes elapsed; then the door opened quickly, and a man emerged, and heavily slammed it after him, hurried through the gate, stood there for a moment, and looked sharply up and down. It was the Dumb Man.

Andrew had shrunk back into a garden, and was quite invisible. Satisfied that no one was lurking about, the man hurried up the road. Andrew scarcely knew what to do. It was useless to remain there watching the houses any longer; yet it was dangerous to dog this man, lest he should be caught in the act, which would inform him that Bertha's abode was discovered, a knowledge which would undoubtedly lead to her immediate removal. No; he would not attempt to follow him.

Such was Andrew's resolution, and while thus meditating, the light disappeared from the parlor window, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards, from the bed-room window as well, and then all that house was dark. But he still lingered, loth to leave the spot where his heart, his hopes were centred. The church clock striking midnight, warned him that as yet he was unprovided with a bed. He hastened at once into the Essex Road, hailed the first cab he met, and drove to the King's Cross Hotel.

Very little sleep visited his couch that night. His brain was racked with vain conjectures as to the meaning of what he heard and saw; of Bertha's inexplicable conduct, of the strange scene which he had beheld reflected upon the window blind. Who, again, was this second woman? At all events, there was a comfort in knowing that she was with one of her own sex, and in having seen that mysterious man quit the house—undoubtedly for the night.

The summer's morning dawned, and the sun rose, ere he fell into an uneasy doze, from which he awoke at eight o'clock, and jumped out of bed with a splitting head-ache. The first thing he resolved to do was to walk over to Russell Square and see James Armstrong, whom he had not met for many months. He would get there in time for breakfast. Away he started, and a quarter of an hour's walk brought him there.

He had calculated his time well. As he entered the hall a servant passed into the breakfast room with the coffee.

James expressed the most cordial pleasure at meeting him once more, as did also Mr. Armstrong, whom he had seen but once before, and with whom he was not very favorably impressed.

Andrew informed his friend of his visit to Marney on the previous day, but refrained from mentioning anything that had transpired.

"Then, of course, you heard of my engagement to Miss Cleveland?" said James.

"Not a word," replied Andrew. "The fact is, I did not remain more than an hour at the Hall, and the time was entirely engrossed in the discussion of family affairs."

James assured him that such was the case, and received his warm congratulations.

Mr. Armstrong went down to the counting house at twelve, in his brougham, but his son always walked thither in fine weather, and arrived there punctually at ten. Andrew was aware of this, and desiring to have some private conversation with him, he proposed to bear him company some part of the way.

As soon as they had quitted the house Armstrong inquired, meaningly, if there was any news.

Andrew did not reply to the question, but asked him if he would be kind enough to take charge of any letter that came to Russell Square, directed for Andrew Marney, care of James Armstrong.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

They walked on for some distance in silence; Andrew meditatively, his companion sharply scrutinizing him from under his bent brows.

"Have you and your uncle parted ill friends?" asked the latter, presently.

"Yes," replied Andrew. "Do you know why he sent for me?"

"Humph! Well, I have an idea."

"To propose that I should marry Sophie Cleveland?"

"And not at all a bad proposal; you may do much worse. She is pretty, amiable, and I really believe is fond of you."

"Indeed, I hope not. I greatly respect my cousin, and sincerely endorse all you can say in her praise; and were my heart free—"

"What! do you still cling to that infatuation—to a will-o'-the-wisp love that has already led you into all kinds of quagmires? You will never see that girl again, mark my words—never!"

"You are wrong; I have seen her, only last night."

"Indeed! Is it possible?" ejaculated James, with well affected astonishment.

He had guessed something of the truth from Andrew's preoccupied manner, and had angled for this disclosure.

"It is she who will, I expect, write to your house."

"And pray what explanation does the young lady give of her erratic conduct? Where did you meet her, and with whom is she staying?"

Such questions greatly perplexed Andrew, for he had no means of answering them.

"I cannot make any reply to you," he said, with hesitation, "as I have solemnly pledged myself to secrecy in all that concerns her."

"He knows nothing—she has told him nothing," was the other's shrewd guess, as he shrugged his shoulders.

"It is very fortunate for you the estates are entailed," he said, aloud.

"The estates are not entailed!" answered Andrew, quickly.

"So—so there has been a sharp quarrel between them, or that secret would not have come out," again thought James. "And do you mean to say that you would forfeit such a fine inheritance as Marney for the sake of this mad passion?" inquired Armstrong.

"Aye, were there twenty such heirlooms in the case!" answered Andrew, vehemently. "But let us change the subject. I am sincerely delighted to hear we are about to become more closely connected—relatives, in fact—by your marriage with Harriet Cleveland. I think you are in every way suited to each other. She is a quiet, sedate, clever girl, in whom you will find not only the best qualities of a good wife, but a valuable adviser and friend."

"I think so," replied James.

They had by this time reached the Holborn Viaduct, where Andrew came to a halt, and said he should go no further.

"Should any letter come to me, forward it to the King's Cross Hotel; I shall be staying there for a time," Andrew said, at parting.

With some difficulty James prevailed upon him to dine in Russell Square on the next evening. This agreed upon, the two gentlemen separated, and each went his way.

CHAPMER XII.

ANDREW IS TOO CONFIDENTIAL.

When James Armstrong returned home that night, he found upon the table of his smoking-room, where he usually retired after dinner, a letter directed to Andrew Marney, Esq., care of James Armstrong, Esq., and "private" written large, and underscored three times, in the corner. He turned it over—examined it minutely.

"It has come very quickly," he muttered; "sooner than he expected, I am certain. Something important has happened. I must know the contents of this letter."

He rang the bell, and desired the servant who answered to bring him a jug of boiling water. The order obeyed, and once more alone, he placed the envelope over the steam until its adhesiveness was destroyed; then, by the aid of a small paper knife, he opened it and took out the note. It ran thus:—

"I never looked at the card you gave me last night until this morning. *Put no trust in James Armstrong*; you are deceived in him. Remember, I do not speak without proof—personal proof. I hope this letter will get safe to hand. I have hesitated before writing it; yet it seems impossible that he would go to the length of opening a note addressed to you; and I have no other possible means of communicating with you. But let me conjure you not to build baseless hopes upon this; remember what I told you last night—you must not seek to hold any communication with me. Write *one* line, directed to A. B., the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, to tell me that you have received this, as it is most important you should be on your guard against your supposed friend. Remember—only *one* line."

A bitter sneer curled James Armstrong's lips as he perused this note. "How fortunate that I took the trouble to open this little epistle!" he muttered. "So she would betray me, would she? Very well, then, all I can do is to use every means in my power to prevent any further meetings between her and her milksop lover. How very fortunate it should fall into my hands! Such words as these might bring incalculable mischief upon me just at this time—scatter all my carefully devised plans to the winds."

Once more he read carefully through the note, weighing and pondering over each word. "Remember what I told you last night—you must not seek to hold further communication with me." He paused upon those lines. "Then she has refused to see him again," he muttered; "that is quite evident. Does he know where she is to be found? The tenor of the letter is against such a conclusion; still, I cannot make quite sure of that. I must worm that out of him to-morrow. In the meantime this must be answered, or she will find other means of communicating with him. Let me see; her knowledge of his handwriting cannot be very minute. I think I might contrive to imitate it near enough for a reply to this."

He rose, locked the door, went to a desk which stood upon a table under the window, and took out several letters written to him by Andrew Marney. After carefully studying the characters for some time, he tried his imitative skill. It was not a difficult hand to copy, being particularly neat, with very little of peculiarity about it; and after some half a dozen attempts, he succeeded in penning the following lines in a style so closely resembling the original, that it might have deceived a far more critical eye than the one it was intended for:

"My Darling—Thanks for your caution; I shall not fail to attend to it. For the future, address C. D, Post Restante, St. Martin's le Grand."

"This shall be posted to-morrow," he meditated, as he lit a cigar, and reclined back in his easy chair; "too quick an answer might be suspicious. So she has declared war! I am sorry for that, as it deranges my plans. I never played the fool but once, and I certainly did in that affair. Were the story told to Sir William, he would break off the match at once; or, if he did not do that, he would certainly take Andrew into favor again, and so crush all my hopes. The game is becoming more difficult, and my mode of play must necessarily be more unscrupulous. But now I have begun it, I must go through with it at every hazard; and if my brain is not more than a match for two such simpletons, I deserve to lose it. The day after to-morrow I will go down to Marney and get the marriage day fixed; the sooner that comes off now, the better."

Andrew dined the next day in Russell Square, according to appointment. After dinner, Mr. Armstrong, in accordance with a previous arrangement, withdrew, under pretence of having letters to write, leaving the two young men to their wine and cigars. Artfully and indirectly James turned the conversation into the channel he desired, and in a very little time, poor, frank, unsuspecting Andrew had confided to him every particular of those adventures which have been already related to the reader; how he encountered the mysterious dumb man, how he dogged him, how he lost him, how strangely he met Bertha, and what passed at the interview, to all of which his companion listened with the most sympathetic attention.

"And what do you intend to do now?" he asked, when the narrative was finished.

"I know not," answered Andrew, dejectedly. "The mystery is killing me. I can only remain in London, and, as far as lays in my power, watch over her safety. As soon as it was dark last night I started for Kingsland, and walked up and down before her house, in the hope of catching sight of her shadow upon the blinds. I remained until the house was in darkness, and then went back to the hotel to dream of her. Yet I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me that I even know where she is, although I am debarred from seeing her."

James had to struggle hard to keep down the sneer of contempt that rose to his lips. Having gained all the information he could, he once more changed the conversation, and began to talk of his approaching marriage, and of his proposed visit to Marney next day. "The best thing you can do is to come down with me," he said, "make your peace with Sir William, and we will have two weddings upon the same day."

"Do not speak of such a thing," answered Andrew, hastily.

"I wish I had not said so much," he thought, as he walked back to the hotel. "I feel I have done wrong; I ought to have kept the particulars to myself; I had no right to speak so freely upon affairs that relate more to Bertha than myself. And yet I do not know why I should think thus; James Armstrong has been my confidant throughout the affair, and to withdraw my confidence now would seem to intimate that he was no longer worthy of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nature gives us volumes of fruit, which she always prefaces with flowers.

DOMESTIC BLISS—A FRAGMENT.

I am
A married lady of thirty odd.
Every evening I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads.
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter patter of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread-and-butter;
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
Twenty-six little hands, with doing something wrong.
Till I fain am to do,
With an energy, too.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies, all in a breeze—
Johnny is crying
And Lucy a-sighing,
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a-flying;
Strong and angry William beating little Nelly;
Charley in the pantry eating currant jelly;
Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,
And mitigates their aching with a forty-pound roar;
Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin,
Throwing his mite to the universal din.
Alas! my lord and master being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter.
And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.
I'd give you my name, lest you find it a myth:
Yours, respectfully, Mrs. John Smith.

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.)

After George Bland had finished his confession, neither of his hearers for a few moments spoke. At last, Maud holding out her hand to him, said:

"I am glad you have told us all, George; I never thought you could be capable of any wrong or evil, but suspense made me miserable, and now I am proud and happy. You have suffered, dearest, but you are blameless, and papa and I must make it up to you by our devotion and affection; must we not, papa?"

Mr. Graff to do him justice was not far behind his daughter in his warmth and confidence, and though his response was somewhat less ardent than hers, it was perfectly satisfactory to George Bland.

They sat together far into the night, lover, and father, and daughter, talking earnestly and gravely of their own prospects, and those of the beautiful girl that fate seemed to have left dependent on their care and protection.

Mr. Graff's practical mind favored avoidance of a denouncement as long as possible, and proposed that an interview of a private nature be gained with Geoffrey Maynard, in which the utter futility of his threats should be proven to him, and an explanation of his object in persecuting Norah be demanded.

"When he sees that you do not fear him, the scoundrel will show himself to be the coward he really is," said he, "and I for one do not believe his scheme is anything more than a villain's desire to gain possession of a beautiful girl whom he chances to fancy, and who has scorned his base advances."

They were alone together, George and he, for late as the hour was, a pair of visitors had been announced for Maud who had gone into the parlor wondering who they could possibly be, and still remained there with them.

George shook his head and compressed his lips decidedly against the elder gentleman's supposition.

"You do not know Geoffrey Maynard, sir," he said, "there is some deep and fiendish plot in his wicked brain, and nothing but down right force and overpowering influence can reach or restrain him. He must either be met by the terrors of the law, or snared in his own net."

Mr. Graff looked perplexed; he had never dealt with such desperate characters, and knew not how to encounter them

"As long as Norah is here she is safe at all events," he said after a lengthened silence.

At that instant a long wild piercing cry for help rang out over the midnight stillness of the house, and in its frantic terror chilled their listening hearts.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FATHER'S HAND AND DAUGHTER'S HEART.

For an instant they stood rooted with alarm to the spot, and then George whose ear had been strained to trace the echo, exclaimed:

"It came from Norah's room!" and dashed up the stairway with all the speed he could master.

He was quickly followed by Mr. Graff, and after him came hurrying in great excitement Maud and her two visitors.

The door was locked, but the sounds of struggling within gave them proof that they had reached the scene of the alarm, and George flung himself with all his force against the panels and soon gained an entrance.

At the same moment there was a heavy fall, and the scene disclosed was at once startling and terrible.

Norah in a loose gown and falling hair had fallen on the lounge—for the apartment entered was the boudoir between her chamber and Maud's—beneath the weight of a bleeding and ragged form she had endeavored to support in her arms. It was Mollie the beggar girl's, and the cruel knife that had dealt the wound was a small and beautifully mounted poignard, lying as it had been flung from the hand of the murderous wretch who aimed it at her heart.

He was none other than Geoffrey Maynard, and his cowering and prostrate form was felled by the manly strength of Alfred Falconer, who now stood above him with a flushed face and flashing eye.

The excitement that ensued is indescribable, when one of Maud's companions, a tall and stately lady stepped forward with a deadly white countenance, and pointing to the prostrate man with a trembling hand cried hoarsely:

"Spare him Alfred! wretch as he is, he is my husband, and the father of my child!"

'Twas Evelyn St. Croix who spoke, and at her words Alfred's hands relaxed their hold upon the miscreant throat, and he turned to face his son, wondering and horror stricken.

"Do you know what he is—what he has done?" he exclaimed, "to that poor wounded child, to whom that bloody hand may have dealt a death-blow. But for her, my darling Norah here would have ere this been a corpse. His diabolical plan was almost accomplished, when, through Mollie's aid, I climbed the trellis-work that he had ascended a moment before me, and entering that open window yonder found him bending over that couch where Norah had fallen asleep, while waiting for her friend, Miss Graff. He held a smooth, hard cord in his hand, which he had already began to slip around her throat with the intent to strangle her, and when I struck him down, he turned and saw the courageous child who had thwarted his purpose, and with the knife that should have entered his own heart, stabbed at her."

Already Alfred had resigned his place as guard over the prostrate man to George Bland, and gently raised Mollie from Norah's arms, laid her on the couch to examine her wound.

Maud rushed to Norah, and clasping her in her arms cried:

"You are safe, dear Norah, and he can never harm you more!"

"Why should he pursue me thus!" wailed the terrified and agitated girl. "I was saved only by the miracle of Alfred's presence, and this poor, dear girl has fallen a victim in my stead. Oh, what can be the meaning of such causeless hatred and cruel persecution?"

"It means, Miss Leonore Maynard, for that is your real name," said the stranger who had accompanied Miss St. Croix, and who now stepped forward with a brisk and agreeable air, "that he has been in the wrongful enjoyment of your wealth for nearly two years, and would rather commit murder than yield it to its owner. The woman known as Nan Tyrell stole you from your bed to be revenged on your father for giving his evidence to her son's conviction. Your mother died of grief for your loss. Ask Barbara, Miss St. Croix's maid about her, for she used to be her maid first, and was often struck with the likeness between you and your mother, though she never suspected the relationship. How could she, when every one believed you dead, and only Geoffrey Maynard and his spies were aware of your existence."

Norah gasped forth a few astonished words, and seemed to stagger to her feet under the weight of the unlooked-for revelation; but her emotion was as nothing compared to the hideous agony depicted on the countenance of the baffled villain, Maynard, who, finding that the secret stood confessed—to preserve which he had perilled soul and body—fairly ground his teeth in impotent fury, and madly cursed the fate that had betrayed him.

"Who is this man?" demanded Mr. Graff. "Can his statement be received?"

"There are proofs of the truth of all he says," returned Miss St. Croix, quietly, and in a solemn manner "Mr. Bland can substantiate much, the rest is known to me."

"Mr. Bland!" cried Geoffrey Maynard, in a mocking tone, and rousing himself for a parting sting—"that fellow yonder who calls himself so is a common felon; a forger who robbed my uncle, and served his time in prison for his crime!"

"I can explain that job," said the man called Sharkey, who had been the first speaker. "I helped to get up at Maynard's. I was in his power at the time, and he drove me into many a black piece of work because I could not help myself, but I guess I'm about even with him now, or shall be when I tell him the little secret I've kept till the last.

"He was in here with this lady here, when he supposed her to be rich. She was very young and very proud, and when he thought she was poor he resolved to humble her, and at the same time free himself from her power. So he said I must play the priest and marry them after he had wrought on her feelings till she consented to be united clandestinely to him.

"But that seemed rather too great a risk for me, so I procured a real parson to do the work in my place, though Maynard never knew it till now. The lady has the certificate all right, but up till yesterday she believed herself the dishonored victim of a sham marriage, and has lived in a torture of outraged feeling and insulted pride.

"Maynard kept her ignorant of his designed villainy, however, until she bore him a child, when, on her insisting on the marriage being acknowledged, he coolly told her there was no marriage at all, but a mere farce to deceive her.

"She became insane for a time in consequence of this avowal, and he had the child sent away. He never inquired concerning it afterwards, but made her believe it died, though it still lives, I believe, and my old woman, who has cut me and taken her own name of Webb, knows all about the young one, to whom she gave the name of Moll Patchil, and a beggar's basket for an outfit in life."

Miss St. Croix—or, according to her proper title, Mrs. Geoffrey Maynard—started forward with a cry of mingled pain and joy.

"My child still living!" she cried, in a tone of passionate feeling. "O, why did I not know this before. Where is she? Let me see her, I pray you in heaven's name!"

"Hush," said Alfred, in a low and solemn tone; "she is going fast, poor Mollie, but she is conscious still. Control yourself, for her sake, dear cousin, and let her have one word of love before her ear is deaf forever to all earthly sounds."

He and Norah and Maud had been kneeling beside the couch whereon the beggar girl lay dying. The basest and blackest act of all Geoffrey Maynard's base, black life had been this last, for his hand had slain his injured daughter!

With a strong check on her agonized emotion, the wretched mother knelt beside her wretched child.

The signs of rough life, harsh treatment and pitiless weather were all smoothed out of poor Moll's face now, for Death, that awful magician, had passed his icy hand over it, and made it pure and chilly white. The shining eyes began to glaze, the poor chest to heave convulsively, while the white lips trembled with an unspoken word.

"Darling, say mother!" cried the proud lady, on her knees beside the dying beggar. "Call my name only once on earth, my poor, desolate, injured love!"

The wild and supplicating fervor of the prayer found no answer in words, only a smile, such as had never before irradiated the face of the poor wanderer, lighted it now into an almost seraphic beauty. She knew at last to whom she belonged, and so died content, for when the beam faded out, Mollie's faithful heart was still forever.

A deep heart-breaking moan burst from the bereaved woman's lips, and she sank forward upon the dead, unconscious that at the same instant her crime-stained husband plunged the dagger that had drunk his daughter's blood deep into his own breast.

* * * * * *

The next day Norah and Rhoda were clasped in each other's arms, and, while they wept and rejoiced together, they reviewed the strange events that had transpired since their separation, and read the letter poor Mrs. Eldrige was never to deliver with her own hand.

It was substantially the same as Sharkey's story, and only a corroboration of it. It contained the baby suit of little Norah, or Leonore, as she was thenceforth called, that being the name bestowed by her dead mother, of whom she had only a fair girlish picture, and Barbara's recollection to cling to.

But she mourned deeply and truly for her foster-mother, even amidst the sudden elevation of great fortune that had befallen her, and the far greater, truer joy of being united so blissfully, and without a shadow of doubt or suspicion, to Alfred, her lover and preserver.

Although surrounded by such a double tragedy, their young hearts would revel joyously, and defy the weight of gloom or sorrow in their bright anticipations of the future.

And Rhoda shared their happiness, and unselfishly rejoiced in all their hopes as if they were her own.

She told Leonore that it was because Alfred had seen her in conversation with Dalton, a man whose appearance excited his uneasiness and suspicions, that he persuaded her to get into his phæton that afternoon she and Maud saw them together, and that he had spent the time earnestly advising her against forming acquaintances of that stamp, instead of flirting with her as her vanity demanded.

Rhoda was a changed and lovely girl, and her sister—as she always insisted on being called and considered—in raising her to a higher sphere of life by means of wealth and social position had reason to be proud of her gentle nature and refined beauty.

As for Leonore herself—we should quote her young husband's opinion when he led her from the altar nearly a year after the terrible events that had marked her restoration to her rightful position.

"Look at her, cousin Evelyn," he whispered in a proud and triumphant tone, "and tell me if I have not found the lost diamond!"

Great good is sometimes attained by contemptible means, and the man Sharkey had done much to bring about the happy end.

Mother Webb had pledged herself to the service of the villain Maynard, whom she hated even while she did his will, and hoped ultimately to get ahead of by betraying him if he ever gave her the power to do so. She, therefore, did not dare to receive her husband after his long imprisonment, nor did her wifely duty lead her to desire his company, so Sharkey set out in his want and bitterness to sell his secrets, and while looking for the means to buy a supper encountered Rhoda.

He knew that Eldrige was the name of the woman who had received the Maynard child, and Rhoda seemed about the age of the stolen girl. So he had followed her and assuring himself that she was settled safely in Mme Lafoure's went to Miss St. Croix's to gain her aid in ruining her wronger, Geoffrey Maynard.

Together they had followed him to Graff's, and seeing him watch the house in a designing way, resolved to warn the inmates of his actions. Thus, they appeared the eventful night of the murder and suicide, and learned from Maud for whom they had inquired that Norah was under her roof, and listened to the story of her innocence and prolonged persecution.

Subsequently, Sharkey by stating the residence of Rhoda brought the two sisters together.

But it was to poor Mollie that Leonore under heaven owed her life, and through her that Alfred reached the city in time to save her. She had been at the house at Courtland Place to late too see him, but following him to the depot, had not been in time to prevent his starting on the train then in motion.

Clinging to the platform of the car, she gained the help of a kindly conductor, and by his aid found Falconer in the train, to whom she told her discovery of Maynard's design to murder the "pretty girl" with his own hands that very night.

Together they had gone back to the city from the next station, and had watched at Norah's window until daylight, but the murderer delayed his plan.

Without once returning home, Alfred kept the house in sight until on the following night, when his vigil was rewarded, and his darling's dangers and miseries closed forever by the death of their wicked plotter.

Evelyn St. Croix—for by the name of Mrs. Maynard she was never called—became a changed and softened woman.

The waxen figure of her wronger, which through an insane desire to perpetuate the folly of her weakness, and do penance for the humilation of her pride, she had kept in her secret chamber, and bowed before daily in an agony of mingled hate and love, was no longer in existence. In its place hung the picture of a dead girl's face lighted by a soft sweet smile, such as sometimes gleams on the lips of the dying like a tender ray from the radiance of heaven.

No one that saw it, if any eye but the desolate lady ever had rested on it, could have recalled the poor beggar's face, but yet it was Mollie, as she looked for the first and last time upon her mother.

After what had befallen their patron, the inhabitants of the Slums suddenly disappeared, and so justice was cheated of her dues in the case for awhile.

As for Sharkey, he was well rewarded for his information, and went his way likewise to spend his gains in fitting himself for another residence in the stone jug, no doubt.

When a year and a day had gone, and the two brides had returned from their foreign tour together, and Mr. and Mrs. George Bland and Dr. and Mrs. Falconer were settled in their new and splendid houses—there was no cloud of sorrow left on any face—grief had sunk into a tender memory, and even Cousin Evelyn, as they all had learned to call him, looked gentler and happier than of old.

Barbara, joyous at seeing her favorite vindicated and acknowledged as the child of her darling young mistress, Mrs. Maynard, almost forgot her old decorum when she welcomed them all to Courtland Terrace; and, like Alfred on his wedding-day, she told her adored Miss Evelyn that though Mrs. Bland was fair and sweet as a pearl, and Miss Rhoda looked like a ruby with her sparkling eyes and rich color, Mr. Alfred's bride was the queen of them all.

"She's a true diamond, Miss Evelyn, and when I saw you put your splendid jewels on her to-night, I said to myself she becomes them well, for she really was the Lost Diamond."

[THE END.]

FACETIÆ.

Not amiss—A rich and lovely widow.

A slow match—A ten years' engagement.

Always ready for a tare—The sugar dealers.

Old maids are politely called belated sisters.

A lofty position—The top of an editorial staff.

What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper? Your tongue.

He went into Thompson's and accidentally got upon a stool at the first trial.

"Got enny oyschers?"

"Yes, sir—how'll you have 'em?"

"Gimme half doz'n on her shells—(hic)—stop! tat ain't it, butter want dozen half-shelled oytch—," and then he wiped his plate out with his hat and went to sleep.

He was Puzzled.—A family living on Cass avenue found a good thickness of cream on some milk that had been standing over night, and when the milkman made his usual call the pleased housewife exhibited the cream and said:

"I never expected to see this."

The man looked at the cream, winked wisely and solemnly, scratched his head and replied:

"Well, I don't know what ails it, but you can throw it out and I'll give you a fresh pint in its place!"

"Papa, I want a new Bunker Hill," said a Westside girl, yesterday morning.

"A new Bunker Hill. What under the sun is that?"

"Why, that's the name of the latest fall style of bonnet."

"It is eh? Why do they call it that?"

"Oh, I don't know, papa."

"Well, what does it cost?"

"Only $50."

"Oh, I see now why they call it 'Bunker Hill.'"

"Why, papa?"

"Because it's so high."

"Oh, you horrid, dear papa. There."

A good old minister in the south of Scotland had a servant man, Sandy, who had an inveterate habit of either over or understanding the truth. The minister had labored long to convince Sandy that his conduct in that case was sinful, but to no purpose. On a certain occasion—having been put to considerable inconvenience through Sandy's bad habit—he lectured him at considerable length on the sinfulness of this conduct, but utterly failed in convincing Sandy that his habit was sinful. Still pressing the matter more closely home, he said:

"Weel, Sandy, if it is not a sin what do you call it?"

Sandy, shrugging up his shoulder and looking very innocent, said:

"Weel, 'deed sir, I think you may ca't a moral squint."

A Wife Who Followed Instructions.—A Detroiter of liberal education (says the *Free Press*) has been greatly annoyed because his wife and other women are not better posted on history and other matters connected with the growth or welfare of the country. The other day he carried home a big history and handed it to his spouse with the remark:

"There, Mary, I want you to commence at page 1, and see if you can't learn something."

She agreed to become his pupil, and when he came home to supper he found her reading away, hair down, slippers on, all the fires out but one, and no sign of supper.

"Why, how's this?" he inquired. "Are you sick?"

"Sick! No"

"Well, where's my supper?"

"I don't know anything about your supper," she replied, as she settled back in her chair, "but I can tell you about the first discovery of Florida as straight as a string."

John Henry's young hopeful had been behaving badly when his uncle was there to dinner. He had, indeed, gone to the extent of asking the dignified and rather crabbed brother of his ma how he got "a skating rink on the top of his head." John Henry chuckled a little in secret at this, for he had his own opinion of his wife's relatives; but when the boy, who remembered his own early teaching, advised his uncle not to make "such a bustin' noise" when he "chawed," there was nothing for mamma to do but to take him up stairs for a brief introduction to the slipper.

"Well," said the uncle, as the young hopeful returned, red as to his face, and unsteady in his breathing—"Well, did you have some brains beaten into you?"

"Brains?" gulped the little fellow, with a sob, and moving his hands about uneasily in his pantaloons pockets—"May be your brains is there, but mine hain't."

It isn't often that people are anxious to pay taxes, but the Detroit *Free Press* says that city has such a man.

One day last week a resident of the northern part of the city called at the City Hall, and finding the official who receives taxes, he said:

"I called here to pay some taxes. How much shall I pay?"

"Where's your property?" asked the official.

"Haven't got any."

"And what are you going to pay taxes on?"

"I dunno, but I want to pay 'em. I've had it flung up to me a dozen times that I hain't no tax payer and hain't no business talking around, and now I want to pay in whatever is right and be as good as anybody."

"But you are not taxed."

"Why, hain't I? Hain't I as good as anybody?"

"Yes, but you cannot be taxed when you have no taxable property."

"I can't eh? Well, there are other towns besides Detroit, and if I can't feel as good as anybody else here I can pack up and leave."

And he put up his wallet and went out.

The Innocence of Youth.—The Vicksburg *Herald* has the following: The Vicksburg boy can stand up with any other boy in the world against an accusation. The other day, when a Vicksburg mother discovered sugar on the pantry shelf, she called to her boy, and said:

"Some one has been stealing this sugar!"

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, rolling up his eyes in astonishment.

"Yes; it is possible, and the thief is not far away, either!"

"Ain't he? Do you suspect father?"

"No; I don't."

"Couldn't be the cat, could it?" he inquired, glancing under the table in search of the feline.

"Cats don't eat sugar, young man!"

"They don't?"

"No, sir; the thief is a boy about your size."

"He is, eh? I'd just like to catch him in here once!"

"If this sugar is disturbed again," she said, as she covered the box, "I know of a boy who will get his jacket dusted."

"That's bully! I wish you'd let me stay out of school so's to see you catch and maul him."

And he went out to devour the other lumps.

The Other Bunker Hill.—Yesterday while half a dozen men were sitting around a hot stove in a Randolph street saloon, one of them made some remark about Bunker Hill.

"What's that?" called a man who had for several minutes been silently contemplating one of his big feet.

"I was speaking of Bunker Hill, where the British were licked out of their boots by the Americans," explained the first.

"Wasn't a British soldier there, and I'll bet five dollars on it!" said the man with big feet.

"Wasn't, eh?"

"Not a one!"

"Do you think I'm a fool!" roared the first.

"I don't think nothing, only it was the Dutch there instead of the British."

"You'll bet?"

"Yes'r."

A bet large enough to cover the drinks for the crowd was made, and one of the men ran home and got a history which contained a full account of the battle, as well as an illustration.

"Here it is," he said, opening the book. "British troops landed from frigates—American behind redoubt—British advance—here it is as plain as day."

"Where does it say the battle of Bunker Hill was fought?" asked the stranger as he reached around for a piece of cheese.

"Why, near Boston, of course."

"Boston?"

"Yes."

"Well, that ain't reliable, then or else they have got things mixed. I meant the battle of Bunker Hill in Texas, and this book says Boston. Seems to be two Bunker Hills!"

As arguments could not move him they carried him to the door, jammed his hat over his eyes, and set him to walking.

AGRICULTURAL.

A GENTLEMAN experienced in poultry keeping says that though it requires more attention to get eggs from fowls in winter than in summer, yet they can be had in paying quantities by giving the birds sunlight, keeping them warm and supplying them with varied food and plenty of it.

HORSES will work much more easily, and lose less of their effective force, by working abreast, than when they are placed in single file. If four horses are to draw a load in one wagon, it is better to have a long double whiffletree, with a span of horses on each side of the tongue, than to have one span placed before the other.

MOORE'S *Rural New Yorker* says: There is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clear, sound grain and kept on a clean grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than hens that have access to stable and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on fish and onions flavor their eggs accordingly, the same as cows eating onions and cabbage, or drink offensive water, impart a bad taste to the milk and butter. The richer the food the higher the color of the eggs. Wheat and corn give eggs the best color, while feeding on buckwheat makes them colorless, rendering them unfit for confectionery purposes.

VIOLETS IN WINTER.—Perhaps some of our readers may be interested in knowing how to raise violets in winter. First take a few old boards and construct a bottomless box, about three or four feet in length, and two feet square, sinking in the earth nearly its full depth on the sunny side of the garden. The top of the box should be slanting, and covered with a glass door or lid on hinges. After having the box well fixed, plant five or six good healthy violet stalks, and the bed is complete. During the day, in warm and pleasant weather, the glass lid should be opened, but always closed at night. When cold weather sets in, the plants should be well covered with dry leaves, and when wanted to bloom the covering removed. On very cold nights the box should be covered with three or four pieces of carpet, as also in very cold days. The plan has been known to work, and violets on Christmas and New Year's made quite plentiful.

HOW TO HAVE HYACINTHS IN THE WINTER.—The *American Garden* says: Late in December, after our fall stock of bulbs was disposed of, we found a dozen or more hyacinths of various colors which had been overlooked. To keep them from spoiling they were hastily planted in four or five large pots, and these set away in an outbuilding where they would be free from frost and have very little light. There they were left for three months, and nothing done except to water them occasionally. Expecting little or nothing from them, they were not noticed till leaf and flower-stock were both perfectly developed. The light had not been sufficient to color the flowers, and these were all of a dirty pale green. The pots were now brought to the sitting-room and placed in the full sunshine, and in a few hours each spike had assumed its natural tint. The effect was very beautiful. Not a bulb had failed—red, purple, yellow, blush, and white, were all large and perfect.

BRINE THAT WILL PRESERVE BUTTER A YEAR.—Among the many devices for keeping butter in a manner that will preserve the fresh, rosy flavor of the new, with all its sweetness, is the following from the *Duchess Farmer*, which is said to be entirely successful: To three gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg, add a quarter of a pound of nice white sugar and one tablespoonful of saltpetre. Boil the brine, and when it is cold, strain carefully. Make your butter into rolls, and wrap each separately in a clean white muslin cloth, tying it up with a string. Pack a large jar full, weigh the butter down, and pour over the brine until all is submerged. This will keep really good butter perfectly sweet and fresh for a whole year. Be careful to not put upon ice butter that you wish to keep for any length of time. In summer, when the heat will not admit of butter being made into rolls, pack closely in small jars, and, using the same brine, allow it to cover the butter to the depth of at least four inches. This excludes the air and answers very well, as the first method suggested.

SWEET POTATOES FOR WINTER USE.—The farinaceous tuber, the sweet potato, would be considered of much more importance, if it was generally known how to preserve it in good condition for winter use. It is sometimes called the potato of Shakespeare, because it was known by writers of his time. If they were not made better use of then, than they are generally in the West, they could not have thought them worthy of much attention. We, however, in the West, have not the advantage of general adaptation of the soil, but with proper care in the selection of the soil, fair results may be obtained. The keeping qualities of those grown are not quite so good as those Southern grown, as they are not so dry in texture. They must be taken from the ground before the leaves are bitten by the frosts, or soon after, and thoroughly dried. If placed in a dry room of even temperature they will keep for some time in fair condition, but if wanted for winter use, they should be placed in dry sand or dust from the road so they will not touch each other. If these are not convenient a piece of soft paper may be wrapped around each one separately, and then placed in a box and used as desired. The box should be placed in a cool room, not cold enough to freeze them. If properly kept, they make rare treats for the table during late winter and early spring.

The Evil Fruits of Weak Digestion.

There is no pathological fact more clearly ascertained than that the most formidable phases of nervous disease are directly traceable to imperfect digestion. Insomnia, with its train of direful consequences, proceeds more frequently from weakness of the stomach than from any other cause. Mere sedatives are powerless to cure nervousness, and soon cease to palliate its symptoms. The true way to strengthen the nervous system is to invigorate the digestive and assimilative organs, upon whose unobstructed action its equilibrium is absolutely dependent. The daily use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will do more to brace and soothe the weakened and irritated nerves, and induce sound, refreshing sleep—nature's grand catholicon—than all the so-called nervines to be found in the pharmacopœia or out of it. A wineglassful of the Bitters should be taken before each meal.

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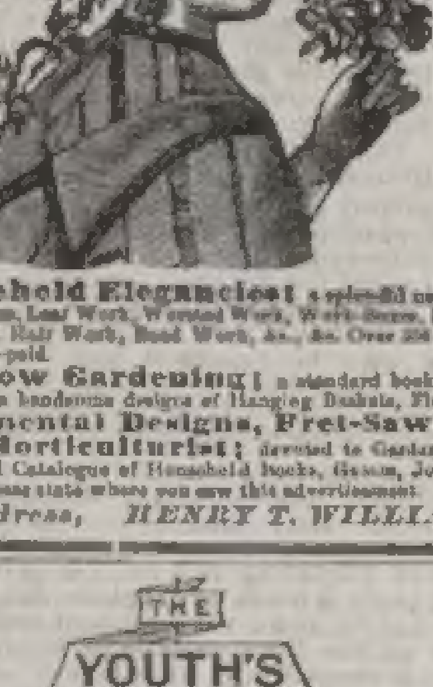

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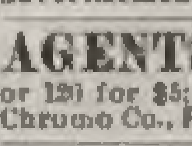

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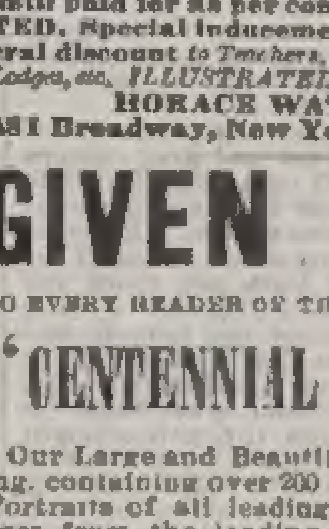

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The lower skirt had first a gathered flounce five inches deep, above this was a deep shirring of the material headed by two upright ruffles, these last bound with silk. The overdress was square apron front, deep and full, the back width having a rounded point. A piping of silk and a bias piece of the mohair finished the bottom of the overskirt. It was drawn away, towards the back, and looped by means of a sash made of silk, and laid in kilt folds. A deep pocket of silk was placed low down on the right side of the overdress; this pocket was pointed at the bottom, and had two loops of ribbon and two short ends hanging from below the point—the pocket itself was laid in kilt folds. A cuirass basque was the style of the waist, somewhat relieved from severe plainness by a double row of kilt plaiting of silk, each row two and a half inches deep, across the bottom of the two pieces, directly in the back of the basque. The coat sleeves had deep, kilt pleated cuffs of silk, and the neck was neatly finished by a small upright collar of the silk. A fan-shaped piece of silk was placed down the back of the basque, and a similar plastron down the front. No more serviceable dress could have been made.

Next we noticed a dress for a little girl of eight or ten years o' age, made of dark myrtle green cashmere. The lower skirt was laid in wide kilt plaits in the back and side breadths; the front had a trimming of overlapping folds, laid on to simulate a square apron front; the folds being in clusters of three, the bottom one being edged with fringe. Two clusters of folds were put on, simulating a double apron. The waist was made with a deep, pointed vest front, buttoned from neck to the bottom. A dainty little tight-fitting basque was connected with it; the sleeves being trimmed with round folds of alternate silk and cashmere, until, just above the wrist, where a neat pointed cuff of silk finished them.

An over-basque for outdoor wear was made part of the suit. It was sleeveless, and cut Louis XVth shape, and lined throughout with soft twilled scarlet flannel. A deep Byron collar of silk finished the neck, and fringe similar to that upon the apron front of the skirt gave a stylish finish to it. A sash of myrtle green silk was worn with this costume.

Hat of gray felt, English walking shape, crown encircled by a band of green cock's feathers, while a bright wing of cardinal color was placed on one side.

Another costume for a little girl was of Marie Louise blue velvet and gray camel's hair cloth, trimmed with chinchilla fur. The underskirt was plain, and laid in kilt pleats at the back—it was of the velvet. The overdress was of the Gabrielle shape, made of the gray camel's hair, and buttoned down the back with vegetable ivory buttons. A band of chinchilla fur trimmed the bottom, and sleeves, and outlined the Byron collar at the throat. A sash of Marie Louise blue silk, draped slightly the polonaise in the back. A little toque of chinchilla fur, with a bright blue wing; a blue velvet muff bordered with chinchilla fur, and a boa for the neck, very happily completed this dainty little costume. Nor must we omit the tiny gloves of gray kid.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The fashionable buttons for the cashmere, camel's hair, etc., suits, are of vegetable ivory, to match in color the suit.

Slippers of gros grain, embroidered to match evening suits, are worn abroad.

Buckles, of silver, gilt, and steel, are fashionable again for trimming upon hats.

White merino sleeveless jackets, covered with white jet, are considered very stylish for dinner and evening wear.

Muffs are worn attached to a cord of fine silk elastic, which is not noticeable, and prevents their being dropped when the hands are taken out.

Boas of seal, have otter tips, and the muffs are bordered with it.

Very pretty cravat bows for home wear, are made of fine, sheer white organdy or French muslin, over bright silk; the fringed out ends of the silk showing beneath the pleated muslin ends.

A new fancy in neckerchiefs is a three-cornered piece of soft twilled silk, cardinal or dark blue in color, and having long pointed ends, bordered all around with a row of swan's-down trimming, and tied loosely about the throat.

Gray, cream colored, and white felt hats, with the brim lined with cardinal colored velvet or silk, and a scarf of the same about the crown, and long ostrich plume, are worn at the theatre, etc.

House jackets of bright colored cashmere, velvet, or flannel, made Louis XV in shape, and sleeveless, will be much worn.

The newest feather trimming is composed of the breast-feathers of the Guinea fowl, arranged in bands. Upon gray or black silks it is extremely elegant.

Very deep fringes of silk or wool are the style, but are very dear.

Tournures to keep up the heavy silk and velvet skirts, now so much in vogue, have again appeared.

Striped stockings have no longer precedence for ladies' wear, but either unbleached Balbriggan hose, or solid color merino hose are fashionable.

Undervests of chamois skin, perforated with small holes to afford sufficient ventilation, are much worn by persons of weak chests.

Eardrops of French gold, of a long oval shape, are very much worn.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We propose this week to give instruction concerning the pretty applique work, made upon the Turkish toweling. The plain gray toweling, soft and with not too long a filling, is best. The patterns to be applied, come in felt cloth, velvet, and flannel, and are all ready to be used, excepting the tracing of a few lines in stem and buttonhole stitch—these lines, and occasionally a design or two, are traced upon the figures in white or buff, and are to be worked after the pattern is sewed upon the toweling. For a cushion, which will be an easy article to begin upon, a yard of the toweling will be required; cut it in half, and choose a pattern of the applique which will fill handsomely the centre, leaving a space for corner pieces. Baste on carefully the pattern, being sure first that it is laid on smoothly and evenly. Then work all around the edges in fine, well twisted silk, a buttonhole stitch, attaching the pattern to the toweling. Work the arabesque and straight lines upon the pattern in stem stitch with floss silk of shades to suit the colors in your pattern. Work round designs or oval, and the eyes of such animals or figures that your pattern may contain, in satin stitch. After it is done, lay face downwards on several thicknesses of flannel, and press on the wrong side with a heavy, moderately warm iron. Finish your cushion with a cord around the edges, either of silk or wool; have loops of the same or else flat tassels at each corner. The under side of the cushion is of the plain toweling, or, if preferred, of silk to match the leading color in the applique design. We can furnish any patterns.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

LETTIE.—Dove gray, turned back with cardinal, would be very pretty.

S. J. G.—We would advise you by no means to cut your velvet polonaise, as such garments are very fashionable again. Wear it over a silk skirt of the same tint. Very happy to answer your queries.

MISS M. A. C.—Your very kind letter gave us much pleasure, and we assure you that we find it no trouble to answer your questions. Concerning the samples, the black and blue will be a very pretty combination. Make a polonaise of the black, which is damask serge, and trim with fringe. We can send to you a very pretty pattern for such a garment for seventy-five cents. The striped diagonal would make a pretty suit. Have a pleated flounce on the lower skirt, and make the overskirt deep and plain, simply edged with a cord or piping at the bottom. Cuirass basque. Yes; the wooly looking material is much used for overdresses. Louis XVth basque and deep square overskirt is the style for such goods. The bluish sample enclosed, is not the plum blue, this latter has a darker and more decided tint of blue in it. Thank you for your kind words, and never hesitate to call upon us for any information you desire.

NISON.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

LEMON juice will retain its odor for weeks, and will not turn mouldy, even if kept uncovered, if five grains of salicylic acid are added to each pint.

EQUAL parts of American potash and pearlash, two ounces each to about one quart of water, give a good oak stain. Use carefully, as it will blister the hands. Add water if the color be too deep.

BRICKS made in Japan, and paying 20 per cent. duty, are now imported into San Francisco. The quality is superior. Japanese brickmakers can beat the world in the cheapness and excellence of their productions.

BEAUTIFUL semi-transparent casts of fancy articles may be taken in a compound of two parts unbaked gypsum, one part bleached beeswax, and one part paraffine. This becomes plastic at 120°, and is quite tough.

THE use of a solution of borax, instead of alcohol, for the preservation of anatomical preparations, has been suggested by M. Schnetzler. His experiments show that the decay of organic matter can be prevented by the action of such a solution.

METAL GLASS.—Another hard glass, to which the above name has been given, has been produced at Count Solm's works, near Buntzlau, Germany. The tests withstood appear to be about the same as those to which the Bastie glass was subjected, with the exception, however, that the metal glass is indifferent to cold water when highly heated. The Bastie glass breaks under similar conditions.

ACCORDING to Dr. Hoffman, a fluid called "liquid parchment," consisting of guttapercha softened and soaked in ether, is especially adapted for forming a coating for pictures and cards, as it permits the removal of dirt with a moist rag. Pencil and crayon drawing may be rendered ineffaceable by sprinkling them with the liquid by means of an atomizer, an exceedingly delicate film remaining after the evaporation of the ether.

COPYING PENCILS.—Pencils are now sold by stationers, the marks of which may be copied in the same manner as writing made by the pen with ordinary copying ink. The method of preparing the leads is as follows: A thick paste is made of graphite, finely pulverized kaolin, and a very concentrated solution of aniline blue, soluble in water. The mixture is pressed into cylinders of suitable size and dried, when it is ready for use. Gum arabic, it is said, may be substituted for the kaolin.

PICTORIAL TILES.—A comparatively new mode of employing tiles for the lining of rooms has been introduced. The tiles are placed together in their unglazed state, and a picture is painted upon them in colors suitable for firing. They are then taken asunder and put into the furnace, and then subjected to great heat and glazed. If this is successfully accomplished, the tiles can now be fixed against the wall of the room and present an absolutely indestructible decoration, which can be washed as often as it is needed, though from its high glaze it is not easily apt to catch dirt.

TO PREVENT SPLITTING OF HANDLES.—All carpenters know how soon the butt ends of chisels split, when daily exposed to the blows of the mallet or hammer. A remedy suggested by a Brooklyn man consists simply in sawing or cutting off the round end of the handle so as to make it flat, and attaching by a few small nails on the top of it two round disks of sole leather, so that the end becomes similar to the heel of a boot. The two thicknesses of leather will prevent all further splitting, and if in the course of time they expand and overlap the wood of the handle, they are simply trimmed off all around.

HEAVY VS. LIGHT TOOLS.—The great end at which all improvements aim is the maximum of power combined with the minimum of materials and weight. A man shoveling coal with a shovel one pound heavier than it should be will lift 6,000 pounds more in a day of ten hours than he would do with a suitable shovel. All this strength is wasted. The same is true of machinery. So simple a thing as an unlubricated pulley is felt in the furnace, and the cost of the coal is augmented. Every useless pound in a truck or carriage takes vitality from the horse which draws it, and costs the owner extra for his keeping. The man who pulls an oar in a boat race puts himself in training and reduces every ounce of surplus flesh. The racing horse carries not one extra ounce of fat to burden him in his effort to win. Yet working men will carry through half their lives fifty pounds more flesh than is needed for the best working condition, a burden which tells against their efficiency and personal comfort through many years of their industrial life.

POSTSCRIPTS.

ABOUT 800,300 stand of arms are exported from the United States annually.

IT is demonstrated that the weight of the earth is 5,856,000,000,000,000 tons, yet some people think they tilt it up whenever they walk abroad.

STANLEY is in one sense bringing discredit upon his native land, for in the heart of beautiful Africa he has made two discoveries which surpass what we have been wont to boast. He found there a body of fresh water larger than Lake Superior, and a man with more wives than Brigham Young has.

THE Viceroy of Egypt, who has earned by repeated acts of magnanimity a place among the noblest of modern rulers, has lately shown, in a striking manner, the greatness and unselfishness of his character. The sum of $65,000 having been appropriated to erect a monument to him, he used the money to found a public school at Alexandria.

FORTY-FIVE miles an hour, kept up for ten hours, is pretty sharp running even for so well-regulated a railroad as the Pennsylvania Central, but that is the actual achievement of a trial train which passed over the line between Jersey City and Pittsburgh lately, without accident to the cars or injury to the locomotive. We believe this feat has never been equaled in the history of American railroads.

CARD players who are continually bewailing the ill-luck of always receiving the same poor cards will, perhaps, be assured by knowing that the fifty-two cards, with thirteen to each of the four players, can be distributed in in 53,644,737,759,488,792,839,237,440,000 different ways, so that there would be a good stock of combinations to draw from, even if a man from Adam's time had devoted himself to no other occupation than that of playing at cards.

VERILY, France is a wonderful country. With all the incubus of heavy war expenditures resting upon her, she cleared off her indebtedness to Germany with such ease and rapidity as to make Bismark regret he had not asked for more. And this has been done without crippling her resources. Now the Minister of Finance informs the Assembly and the world that the revenue since the commencement of the present year is $22,000,000 in excess of the estimates. The financial vitality of France is simply without precedent.

THE Texans are, in some things, quite original, and in nothing more so than in matters of education. They have hit upon a plan regulating the pay of teachers that may stimulate the pedagogues to extra efforts to please their patrons, though it looks as if it might result in the total neglect of schools in sparsely settled districts. A bill has just passed the Legislature, fixing the remuneration of the common school teachers of that State at ten cents per day for each pupil in actual attendance.

AMONG the statistics given at the Homœopathic Semi-centennial in New York recently were some indicating the gradual but steady increase of adherents to this system of medical practice. In 1826 Dr. Gram commenced practicing in that city amidst much opposition and ridicule. In 1848 the number of physicians in the city had increased to thirty-nine. In 1857 there were no less than fourteen hundred and eighty-one homœopathic physicians in the United States, and now there are over five thousand.

A NEW ENGLAND newspaper shows its appreciation of the trials of the woman who "does her own housework" in the following paragraph: "The long-suffering house-wife hears the door-bell ring, washes the dough from her hands, pulls down her sleeves, removes an old calico apron, and with a hasty look in the mirror goes out in the hall to find a patent medicine bill on the floor. A woman who can go through this experience, and resume her work without making a few casual remarks concerning Job and his patience, deserves a niche in the temple of Fame."

ACCORDING to a recent and elaborate estimate, upon what particular data is not stated, the Swiss are the greatest letter-writers in the world, carrying on in a year a correspondence of twenty-three letters for each inhabitant. England comes next with twenty and a half, and the United States occupy the third place with nineteen. France, far behind, holds only the ninth rank as a letter-writing people. The Swiss are also ahead as telegraphists, forwarding eighty-one despatches for each hundred persons, against fifty-one in England and fifty-three in the United States.

TWO EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF DE SOTO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Early in the year 1526, Don Pedro de Avila, surrounded by a large retinue of his soldiery, left Panama to assume the government of Nicaragua, to which he had no legitimate title. De Soto accompanied the governor. Much as he detested his character, he could not forget that he was the father of Isabella, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who returned his affection, greatly to her father's displeasure, who had contemplated her alliance with one of the most illustrious families of the Spanish nobility. When Don Pedro approached the little town of Leon, he sent a courier before him to order General Ferdinand De Cordova to meet him in the public square, with his municipal officers and his clergy, prepared to give an account of his administration.

De Soto with his horsemen was ordered to form in line on one side of the square. The foot soldiers of Don Pedro surrounded the governor on the other side. All the vacant space was filled with citizens and natives. By the side of the governor stood his executioner, a man of gigantic stature and of herculean strength, whose massive sword few arms but his could wield. De Cordova advanced to meet Don Pedro, and bowing respectfully before him, commenced giving an account of the state of affairs in the province. Suddenly he was interrupted in his narrative by Don Pedro, who, with forced anger, exclaimed:

"Silence, you hypocrite! Your treasonable projects cannot be hidden under these absurd pretensions of loyalty and patriotism. I will now let your accomplices see how a traitor should be punished!"

He made a sign to his executioner. His gleaming sword flashed through the air, and in an instant the dissevered head of Cordova rolled in the dust. The headsman grasped the gory trophy by the hair, and raising high above his head, exclaimed:

"Behold the doom of a traitor!"

All this took place in an instant. The spectators were horror stricken. De Soto instinctively seized his sword, and would doubtless have put spurs to his horse, rushed upon the governor, and plunged the weapon to the hilt in his breast, but for the restraining memories of the past. Hesitatingly he returned his sword to its scabbard.

But Don Pedro had not yet finished the contemplated work of the day. Another victim he had doomed to fall. A file of soldiers, very resolute men, led by a determined officer, crossing the square, approached De Soto, at the head of his troops. Don Pedro then exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Ferdinand De Soto, you are ordered to dismount and submit yourself to the punishment which you have just seen inflicted on your traitorous comrade. Soldiers, drag him from his horse if he refuse to obey!"

The officer reached forth his hand to seize De Soto. Like lightning's flash the sword of the cavalier fell upon the officer, and his head was cleft from crown to chin. The spurs were applied to the fiery steed. He plunged through the soldiers, knocking several of them down, and in an instant De Soto had his sword's point at the breast of the governor. Shouts of "kill the tyrant!" rose from all parts of the square, which were echoed even from the ranks of Don Pedro's soldiers. Again De Soto held back his avenging hand; but in words which made Don Pedro quake in his shoes, he said:

"You hear the expression of public sentiment. You hear the wishes of those who are subject to your authority. It is the voice of justice speaking through these people. In refusing to obey the call, I am scarcely less guilty than yourself. But remember, Don Pedro, that in sparing your life at this moment, I discharge all the obligations I have owed you. Miserable old man! Be thankful that the recollection of one that is absent can make me forget what I owe to my murdered friend. I will now sheathe my sword, but I solemnly declare by the sacred emblem of the cross which it bears, that I will never draw it again in your service."

The assassination, for it could hardly be called execution, of De Cordova, excited the general indignation of the Spanish settlers. They all knew that Don Pedro had no authority from the King of Spain to assume the govent of Nicaragua, and that he was tore an usurper. The noble charachich De Soto had exhibited, and his miable ability and bravery, had wohim universal regard. The Spaniagenerally rallied around him, and ated him to assume the command, ping him their enthusiastic supporthey could not comprehend why De so persistently refused their solions. They knew nothing of the secresons which rendered it almost impoe for De Soto to draw his sword ag the father of Isabella.

It was generally supposed there must be some strait between isthmus of Darien and the southerontiers of Mexico, which conned the waters of the Atlantic and Pacificans. The King of Spain had offeredarge reward for the discovery of this age. Several of the wealthy citizens son organized an expedition in pt of this object. De Soto was plac its head. He selected from his alry troop five of his most intelligent energetic young men. They starrom Leon, and followed along the t of the Pacific, in a northwesternlyrse, penetrating every bay and inlet hey traveled on horseback, and encored innumerable difficulties from thged and pathless wilderness throughich they pressed their way. They had much to fear from the unfriendharacter of the natives, whose hostihad been aroused by the outragesich companies of vagabond Spaniahad inflicted upon them.

De Soto, however, and his compns, by their just and kindly spirit, soon the regards of the Indians. Thend that the natives possessed large quanties of gold, which they seemed e esteem of little value. Eagerly th exchanged the precious metal fomuch trinketsas the explorers took withem. Upon this arduous expedition, whh De Soto managed with consummateskill, he was absent eleven months. even hundred miles of seacoast were cafully explored, and he became fully connced that the looked-for strait did notxist. Though in this respect the expdition had proved a failure, he returd to Leon quite enriched by the gold hich he had gathered. With honesty, arely witnessed in those days, he impaially divided the treasure among the pjectors of the enterprise.

As De Soto was returning, he scovered a small Spanish vessel anored near the present site of San Saador. As his men and horses were wornown by their fatiguing journey, he enaged a passage in the vessel to Leon. Upon embarking he found the captai and crew consisted of some of the mt depraved and brutal men who hacever visited the New World. Theywere cruising along the coast, watchig for opportunity to kidnap the native, to convey them to the West Indis as slaves. The captain was the infmous Valenzuela, who, as agent of Do Pedro, had tortured to death a M. odro, for no other reason than that h had lately arrived from Spain, and hatbeen the bearer of letters from Don Pdro's daughter, Isabella, to De Soto, whh he had intercepted.

De Soto had no knowledge e the dreadful doom which had befalle his friend. One day the fiend-like cotain was amusing his crew with a recial of his past deeds of villainy. He toh the story of the murder of Codro.

"He was," he said, "an old ward whom Don Pedro, the Governor o Panama, commissioned me to tortun and to put to death, in consequence of ome treachery of which he had been gilty while on a mission to Spain."

The words caught the ear of De loto. He joined the group, and listened vith breathless attention and a throbling heart to the statement of Valenzuela

"I chained the old fellow," said the captain, "to the mainmast, and the ailors amused themselves by drenching him with buckets of cold water till he was almost drowned. After several day he became so sick and exhausted that we saw that our sport would soon be at an end. For two days he was speechlar. He then suddenly recovered the use of his voice, and endeavored to frightenme by saying:

"'Captain, your treatment has caused my deat. I now call upon you to hear the words of a dying man. Within a year from this time I summon you to meet me before the judgment seat of God!'"

Here the captain burst into a derisive and scornful laugh. He then added:

"Come, comrades, we'll have a hamper of wine, and drink to the repose of M. Codro's soul!"

De Soto stepped forward, and repressing all external exhibition of the rage which consumed his soul, said calmly to the captain:

"You say that the astrologer prophesied that you should die within the year? When will that year expire?"

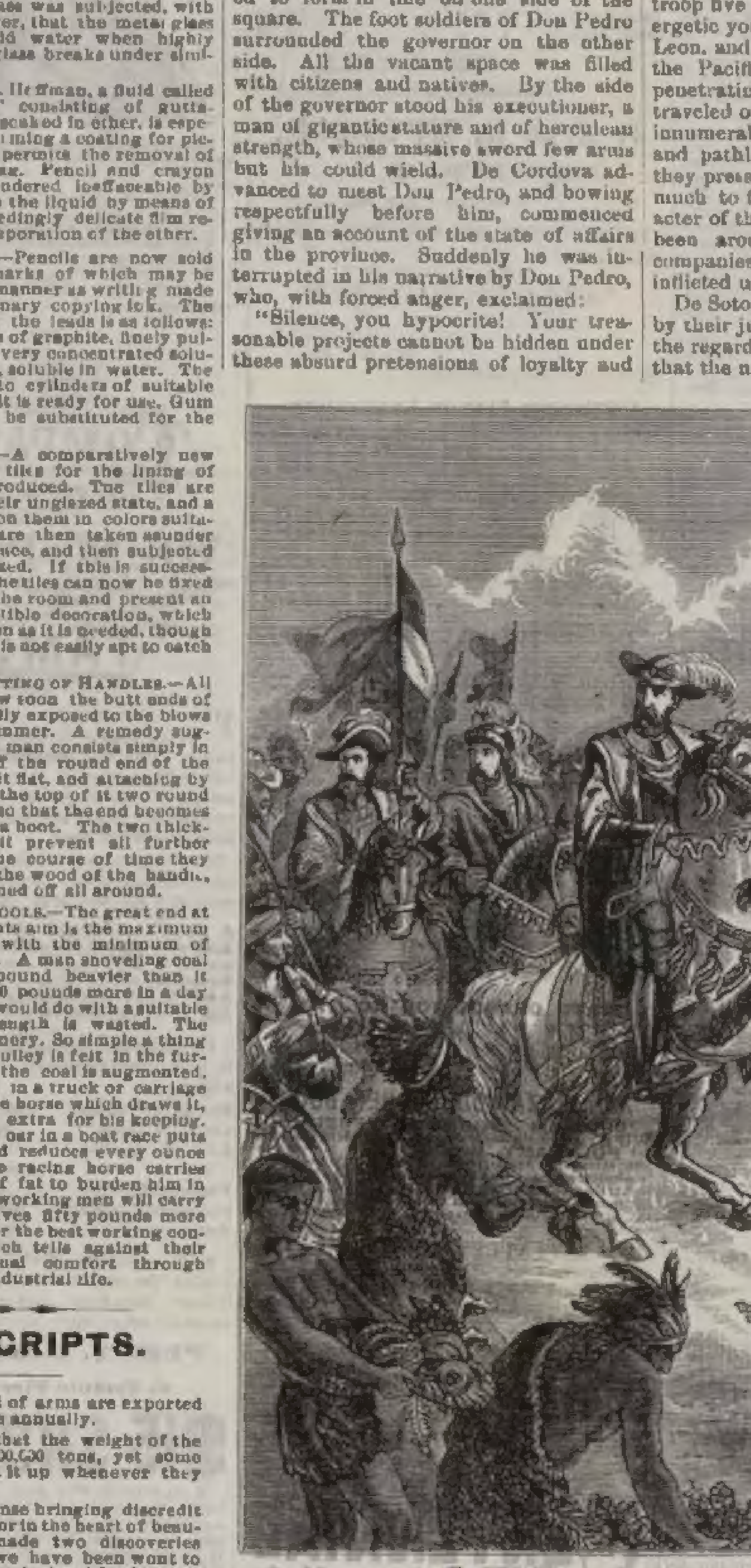
"In about two weeks," the captain replied. "But I have no fear but that the prophet will prove to be a liar."

"He shall not!" De Soto added.

And drawing from his scabbard his keen, glittering sword, with one blow from his sinewy arm severed the captain's head from his body. The ghastly trophy rolled, gushing with blood, upon the deck. These wild and savage men were accustomed to such scenes. They admired the courage of De Soto and the marvellous skill with which, at one blow, he had struck off the head of the captain. De Soto then turned to the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, if any of you are disposed to hold me accountable for what I have just done, I am ready to answer you according to your desires. But I consider myself bound, in reason and in courtesy, to inform you that M. Codro, the man whom this villain murdered, was my friend, and I doubt not that he was condemned to death for doing me an important service."

All seemed satisfied with this explanation. These sanguinary scenes in those days produced but a momentary impression.



OUR CHROMO.

A SEGAR FACTORY IN SPAIN.

The segar factory presents a most animated and interesting sight. Imagine four thousand five hundred—such is the number at present employed—girls and women, of ages varying from about fourteen or fifteen, up to forty, but most of them young and pretty, women all dressed in the gay costume of their provinces, their rich black hair being their only head-dress, the superintendents (most of them very pretty and lady-like young women) moving about among them in a vain attempt to keep an amount of silence and order.

Imagine such a gay, chattering crowd, their nimble fingers working with the regularity, the swiftness, the whirr and whirl of machinery, all crammed close together, their little baskets of food hanging over their heads, occupied in making paper cigarettes, *puros*, or government segars of various classes, and paper bags for the cigarettes.

They sit in long corridors, with open windows; the air is oppressive, but laden with tobacco dust like snuff, the Spanish tobacco being the triturated leaf, not the birds-eye and shag, which are unknown to Spanish smokers; as you pass along, joke after joke is leveled at you; half a hundred baskets of salt fish, bread and fruit are proferred you; peals of laughter go up around you as you venture to inquire whether the close atmosphere is not prejudicial to health. Vain are the matron's remonstrances; the good-humored, light-hearted, vivacious crew will not come to a halt until stranger, matron and all are fairly convulsed with laughter. These girls, if skilful workers, can earn even as much as fifty cents per diem, but this is rare. About forty cents perhaps would be the average. Children, of whom there are scarcely any, it appears to me, earn a less amount.

The women are paid, of course, by the amount of work done—*i.e.*, the number of segars or cigarettes turned out per diem. To convey a further idea of the magnitude of the trade, it may be noticed that 400 barrels of tobacco leaf from Havana lay in the court-yard, each barrel weighing, we were told, 600 kilogrammes—i. e., about 1500 or 1600 pounds. The sheds below, where 24 men, naked to the waist, their skin, beard, hair of a brown color, begrimed with sweat and tobacco dust, chop up and run through iron sieves the leaf, earning thereby from four pesetas to $1 per diem, are a study of themselves. One man had worked here for 24 years, and said that he found the work healthy and that the atmosphere had no effect on the lungs as a rule. These men, owing to the severe nature of the labor, work short hours.

THROWING THE OLD SHOE.

Very few, probably, of the thousands who throw old shoes after bridal parties as they are leaving home know anything of the origin of the custom. Like almost all our customs, its origin is ancient, and can be traced to Bible times. It was then the custom for the brother of a childless man to marry his widow, or at least he had the refusal of her. If he chose to reject her, the ceremony was public, and consisted in her loosing his shoe from his foot, and spitting in his face. His giving up the shoe was a symbol of abandoning all dominion over her; spitting in his face was an assertion of independence.

There was an affair of this kind between Ruth and Boaz. In some parts of the East it was a custom to carry a slipper before a newly married pair as a token of the bride's subjection. The custom, as it exists with us, is very old in England and Scotland. The usual saying is, that it is thrown for luck, and that is the idea in this country; but originally it meant a renunciation of authority over the bride by the parents.

It was formerly a custom among the Germans for the bride, when she was conducted to her bed-chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests; whoever caught it in the struggle to obtain it received it as an omen that he or she would soon be happily married.

In Kent, England, after a couple have started on their tour, the single ladies are drawn up in one row, and the bachelors in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as possible, and the ladies run for it, the successful one being the first female who it is supposed will be married. She then throws it at the gentlemen, and the one who is hit by it is deemed to be the first male who will enter wedlock. Generally, it is considered, the older the shoes the better.

A WISE man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Fairy Tale. List, Gentle Maiden. An Old Man's Reverie. Lines to Sallie. Raw Hide Creek. "Love, to Thee." A Year and a Day. A Faithless Lover.

H. F. S.—We are aware that it is very common to say *per capita*, meaning "by the head," or "for every head;" but it is wrong. *Per caput* is the correct expression. *Capita* is plural, and *per capita* would mean "for every heads," which we need hardly say is not correct English.

CHARLIE HOUTZ.—Asks us to publish the answer to a problem which he sends us, and which he says was published in the POST some years ago! We have no time to spend in solving problems, or to go through all the back volumes of the POST to hunt up this one, and we therefore must decline.

TROUBLED.—As a general rule, it is better to take little notice of foolish, or even malignant, gossip. Let it alone. By-and-by those who go about retailing such stuff will grow weary, if not ashamed; perhaps they will feel disgust at their own baseness. If they are not noticed they will sink out of sight.

SUFFERER.—The heartburn is often cured by means of a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda taken in cold water. Into a wineglassful of water put as much of the bicarbonate of soda as will lie upon the surface of a shilling, stir the mixture with a teaspoon and drink the mixture before it has had time to settle. To cure the earache you should place a bandage over the ear so as to promote warmth and then take a mild aperient suitable to your constitution.

INQUIRER.—For the discovery of the stereoscope we are indebted to Professor Wheatstone. The professor's first stereoscope was composed of two small mirrors placed at an angle of 90 degrees and each reflecting to one eye one of the two binocular images. He afterwards constructed a refracting telescope, composed of two prisms of about 8 degrees each, placed between the eye and one picture, and refracting the two images on one intermediate space, where they coalesced.

G. W. G.—Skeleton leaves may be made by steeping leaves in rain water, in an open vessel, exposed to the air and sun. Water must occasionally be added to compensate loss by evaporation. The leaves will putrify, and then their membrance will begin to open; then lay them on a clean white plate filled with clean water, and with gentle touches take off the external membranes, separating them cautiously near the middle rib. The process requires a great deal of patience, as ample time must be given for the vegetable tissues to decay and separate.

CROSS.—The respective badges or attributes with which the several Apostles are usually pictorially represented are—St. Peter with the keys, St. Andrew with a cross, St. James the Less with a fuller's pole, St. John with a cup and a winged serpent flying out of it, St. Bartholomew with a knife, St. Philip with a long staff whose upper end is formed into a cross, St. Thomas with a lance, St. Matthew with a battle-axe, St. James the Greater with a pilgrim's staff and a gourd bottle, St. Simon with a saw, and St. Jude with a club. St. Paul, who was the Apostle of the Gentiles, generally bears a sword.

E. G. D.—"What is the 'Victoria Cross' that I saw the other day in an extract from an English paper, an officer spoken of was decorated with, I think one of those who accompanied the Prince of Wales to India?" The "Victoria Cross," is a military and naval decoration instituted on February 5th, 1856, and unlike any other decoration in the English army or navy, is conferred for valor only, irrespective of rank or station, and the recipient also becomes entitled to a pension of £10 ($50) a year for life. The Victoria Cross is a simple affair as a work of art. It consists of a bronze Maltese cross, with the Royal crest in the centre, and underneath it a scroll, bearing the words "*For Valour*." It is suspended by a red ribbon if worn on the breast of a soldier, and by a blue ribbon if worn by a sailor.

MAUD S.—If you have as you say, "understood all about rain, and how it is produced ever since you studied Philosophy," you surely must have also learnt "why it is that when it is raining in one place it is clear in another." If this has escaped your notice, you will find it under the head of Astronomy, where it is explained that the variety of climate, change of seasons, and of weather, different lengths of days and nights, etc., are all owing to the inclination of the earth's axis. In order to thoroughly understand the illustration of the causes of the seasons, etc., it is necessary to have some knowledge of the circles which are drawn on the artificial representations of the earth. These circles are of course wholly imaginary, and are only drawn on the maps for the purpose of illustration. We are sorry our space will not allow of our going any deeper into this subject.

IN DESPAIR.—"I am one of those unhappy mortals, a wife blessed with a husband who is dreadfully particular, and who is for ever finding fault with the way in which his white shirts are done up. I have tried every way, but there seems to be no pleasing him, and as a last resource I come to you for help, if it is not beneath the dignity of the POST to answer such a question." Not at all; we shall be very glad indeed if we can give you any assistance. By following out the accompanying directions, we feel sure that you will be able to present your husband with a shirt which will thoroughly satisfy even him: After washing the shirt thoroughly, rinsing it out in clear water, and drying it, dampen it. Take two tablespoonfuls of starch dissolved in as much water; add a gill of cold water; then add one pint of boiling water, and boil it half an hour, adding a small piece of spermaceti, sugar or salt; strain it; thin it with water. In ironing a shirt, first do the back, then the sleeves, then the collar and bosom, and then the front.

G. W. M. (Chester, Ills.)—We do not know of any "Life of Alexander the Great," but you can get full particulars of his life in any Cyclopedia—Zell's for instance has quite a lengthy article on the subject. (2.) There is a very good "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," by Coxe, in three volumes, the price of which is nine dollars. If you want it, we can get the work for you. (3.) Napoleon the Second was the Son of Napoleon the First, and never "reigned" at all. From his birth he was styled "King of Rome." He was only four years old when his father abdicated, after the battle of Waterloo, in favor of his son. The title of Napoleon the Second was not admitted by the Allies, or by the French nation, nor was it ever put forward by any party in France during his lifetime, nor did he himself ever assume that title. But when the question of conferring the title of Emperor upon Louis Napoleon, in 1852, was put to the popular vote, it was as Napoleon III, thus assuming the right of the Son of Napoleon the First to the title of Napoleon the Second.

E. F. P. (Danville.)—We do not undertake to answer questions that are purely theological, but can consistently notice yours as it is strictly speaking historical. Therefore, we may state that the word Bible (from the Greek *biblia*, books) was first applied to the sacred writings by Chrysostom in the fourth century. The Old Testament only is regarded as sacred by the Jews, but both the Old and New Testament are held as sacred by Christians. The term "testament" is a translation of the Latin *testamentum* of the Vulgate, which, in turn, is a translation of the Greek word *diatheke*, a covenant. In the New Testament the Old Testament writings are designated as the Scripture, the Scriptures, or the Holy Scriptures. About A. D. 180 the term Holy Scriptures is used to include the Gospels, and Irenæus calls the whole collection of the books of the Old and New Testaments the Divine Scriptures and the Lord's Scriptures. The Old Testament is a name used by St. Paul (2 Cor. iii. 14), being a translation of a Greek expression—*palaia diatheke*—old covenant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—IGNORANCE.—Think no more of the matter unless circumstances take a more favorable turn. ANNIE.—You should be more reserved and circumspect. People *will* talk, you know. LILY.—If possessed of the least penetration, he must have known it without being told. ANXIOUS.—Do nothing in the matter without your uncle's consent. He is more than a father to you, for he is doing for you voluntarily what a father is bound to do. A. Z. K.—We cannot tell how to procure a situation of any kind; each person must employ his or her own resources. H. S. H.—The engagement ring is worn on the first finger of the left hand. MABEL R.—A woman's ingenuity and mother-wit ought to be better than our advice in such a case as the one you put to us. B. F. S.—Never heard of such a thing, somebody has been fooling you. (2.) First cousin once removed; and second. (3.) We don't know; wish we did. BESS.—We are at present overstocked, so are not in want of any stories in that line. B. V. P.—We do not think there is any such society at present in Philadelphia. If there is, it keeps itself so very quiet that we do not hear of it. C. R. K.—We would recommend for your study, Bancroft's History of the United States. G. F.—We thank you for your offer, but articles of the nature you propose writing would not be suitable for our columns. MARGARET.—It is an old song; we do not remember the name of the author. Q. E. D.—The great fire at Chicago occurred on October 8th, 1871. D. M.—An oratorio is a kind of sacred musical drama, and derives its name from having been first performed in an "oratory." CATHOLIC.—The present Pope, Pius IX, was elected in June, 1846. He was born on May 13th, 1792. A YOUTH.—No one can tell your fortune or foretel your destiny. Fortune-telling, so called, is a mere pretense, and generally a downright fraud.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*